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THE BEGINNING OF SERIOUS TROUBLE IN CHINA: THE ATTACK BY CHINESE STUDENTS ON A SHANGHAI POLICE-STATION, WHEN THE POLICE FIRED ON THE CROWD—POLICE REMOVING CASUALTIES IN AN AMBULANCE.

The recent trouble in China has arisen largely from events at Shanghai, where in May a strike of Chinese workers at a Japanese cotton-mill developed into riots fostered by Chinese students under the influence of Bolshevik agitators. On May 30 (the Saturday before Whit-Sunday) a crowd of students collected in the Nanking Road, in the Foreign Settlement, and attacked a police station where some student-agitators were under detention. After having been ejected once

without recourse to firearms, the mob attacked again, shouting "Kill all foreigners!" There was only a small force of Chinese police, with a few white inspectors and Sikhs. Finally the order was given to fire, with the result that ten rioters were killed and many wounded. Some members of the police force who had been playing cricket or tennis on the neighbouring race-course ran up to help their comrades. A commission has been appointed to enquire into the affair.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE just been reading a very full and fascinating biography of William Cobbett, by Mr. G. H. D. Cole, the well-known economic writer, published by Messrs. W. Collins. It is one of the most satisfactory and sagacious biographies I have ever read, for it keeps to almost exactly the right extent the difficult double task of the biographer. I mean the task of being both inside and outside the hero. Mr. Cole sympathises with Cobbett, but he also sees the fun of him. I think, indeed, there is one respect in which Mr. Cole does not quite do justice to the extent to which his hero was both inside and outside history. I do not think he sees him as a historian as quite so important as he was. I do not mean so much the importance of Cobbett to history as the importance of history to Cobbett. His passion for the past enabled him to stand outside his own age, like a prophet of the future.

Those who criticise Cobbett are commonly incapable of criticising what he criticised. They do not know what he was attacking; and, if they did, they could not imagine why it should be attacked. They could no more imagine it than a devout old Breton peasant could have understood the satire of Voltaire or a very stupid Roman legionary the anti-Imperialism of Tacitus. We understand more or less what Voltaire was driving at, because there has since been a French Revolution. We understand more or less what Tacitus was driving at, because there has since been a Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. But there has not been an English Revolution, and the British Empire has not fallen, even if we think it has declined. It is only when great systems of society have come to an end, like antiquity or the *ancien régime*, that men can see them as a whole and realise what was seeking to destroy them and why. While the society still endures, and especially while it still flourishes, those who flourish with it can never understand even what part of it is being criticised. Men in the tradition of Macaulay and Mill could never comprehend what Cobbett was driving at, and their criticisms of him are worthless. They thought he was picking holes when he was pointing out that the whole social system was in a hole. Just so the Roman soldier might have supposed that Tacitus had taken a fancy to a particular tribe, or the loyal peasant might have supposed that Voltaire had taken a dislike to a particular priest. Sometimes, by a confusion common in such cases, they first dismissed his protest as petty and then complained because it was general. They murmured that he was always picking out rotten apples, and never understood that he was proving it was a rotten tree. He was, indeed, in revolt against everything; but his everything was one thing and not many.

It was impossible to accuse Cobbett of anything except Cobbettism. There were no terms in the political language of his time that covered or corresponded to his position. It was impossible to call him a Tory if Pitt and Peel were Tories. It was impossible to call him a Radical if Bentham and Brougham were Radicals. It was impossible to call him a Whig if Mackintosh and Macaulay were Whigs. He was arraigned under a more mysterious and terrible accusation, of which the very language was in a sense unknown to the law. He was accused of being himself; and, to the last literary echo of our own time, that has remained the one decisive and destructive charge against him. It was a charge to which he was always delighted to plead guilty. But even he himself could never give any very definite or descriptive name to his defiance:

and that was precisely because it went so very deep—as deep as his own subconsciousness. It seemed unique precisely because it was so universal. He seemed to be narrow precisely because he was broad enough in his outlook to call all things in question. And because he saw the things really common to all mankind he seems to have the solitude of a misanthrope. So the man in the moon would be none the less a man, and even a representative man.

Now I think that unique quality in Cobbett of being outside his age was considerably connected with his interest in the life of a former age. It seems to me that Mr. Cole treats his historical experiment too much as a mere piece of topical pamphleteering. He makes his mediæval interest too much of a merely contemporary interest. Of

was doubtless a very amateur historian; but he was literally an amateur in the sense of a lover. And it was that positive pleasure in pictures of a vanished and much misunderstood society that helped to give him the sense of independence of his own society. He felt the modern world could end as the mediæval world had ended. Many around him could indeed enjoy such things as dead things; he alone had begun to feel them faintly as things that had once been alive—and conceivably might even live again.

Those who call such mediævalism a mere romance of castles and tournaments say the very reverse of the truth. It was the enemies of mediævalism who made up the romance about castles and tournaments, and represented that such romantic ruins and rumours were all that could be got out of mediæval culture. The man who began to rediscover the real mediæval culture was not a romantic at all. He was a man with a practical mind and even a prosaic mind. He was a man who felt the force of facts; and the things he discovered were facts and not fancies. So far from bemusing himself with a feudal fiction, he spent much of his life in destroying a feudal fiction, in freeing himself and others from the feudal fiction which concealed the origin of a recent and merely mercantile oligarchy. This is where, for instance, the mediævalism of Cobbett must be sharply distinguished from the later mediævalism of Young England. The aristocrats of the Young England movement were indeed perfectly right about all the things for which they were most generally derided as wrong. They were right about the hopelessness of mere competitive commercialism; right about the need of the old laws against cornering and usury; right about a national responsibility for the poor. They were not so ignorant as most of their neighbours about their forefathers in England, or their fellow-subjects in Ireland, or their fellow-countrymen in Seven Dials. What they were ignorant about was themselves. Their foes called them feudal as a taunt, and they accepted it as a compliment; but it was quite as untrue as a compliment as it was as a taunt. Perhaps it is unfair to revive the particular taunt against the verses of Lord John Manners, in face of the dignified reply which he made to it in his old age; but it is true that he never had to reply to the real objection to them.

Let art and science, laws and learning die,
But spare, oh spare, our old nobility.

Of the thousands who jeered at the unfortunate couplet, hardly one had the sense to see the real mistake in it—the fact that most of the old nobility is not even old. But there was an art and laws and learning that were really old, and they are recorded in the old buildings which the nobles had seized or supplanted. Cobbett's history of England might almost have been summed up in a similar couplet—

If art and science, laws and learning die,
Then blame, oh blame, our new nobility.

Moreover, it must always be remembered that Cobbett, coming so much earlier in point of time, carried with him the sense of something historic in another sense. He was more of a witness to what had really been happening when the last transition had taken place, just as Goldsmith is an even earlier, and therefore an even more valid, witness to the process. The movement of Lord John Manners and his friends was a revival like that of Ruskin and William Morris. Cobbett was in some sense not a revival but a survival, a survival out of simpler times—the last of the yeomen. Nothing can make Disraeli standing for Young England so genuine a figure as Cobbett standing for Old England.



SOLD FOR £45,000 (FOR "EXPORT" FROM VENICE TO ENGLAND)
BY PERMISSION OF THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT: TITIAN'S PORTRAIT
OF TOMASO CONTARINI (1547-1604).

It was stated recently that Titian's portrait of Tomaso Contarini from the Giovannelli Palace at Venice—a picture which was on the forbidden list of those not to be exported without permission of the Italian Government—had been bought by Sir Joseph Duveen for £45,000, and was on its way to England, the Mussolini Cabinet having consented to the sale. The vendor had to pay a duty on the purchase price, and presented three other pictures to Italian public museums. The famous Contarini family gave eight Doges to Venice between 1043 and 1684, besides other distinguished statesmen and soldiers. Tomaso Contarini was one of the few Venetian nobles who travelled. In 1588 he was in Spain with Philip II., and afterwards took part in suppressing piracy. In later life he entered the Church.

By Courtesy of Sir Joseph Duveen.

course, it was quite true that Cobbett quarrelled with all the parsons very much as he quarrelled with the Botley parson. But Cobbett had a way of coming on great truths by way of small quarrels. And I do not think it was merely out of irritation against the new parsons that he ultimately felt an interest in the old priests. I think he had really formed, rightly or wrongly, a vast and vivid impression of a living past, in which he was instinctively interested as an artist as well as a controversialist. He was doubtless a partisan historian, but he was by impulse a historian and not merely a partisan. He

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 48, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland) or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

"KILL ALL BRITISH AND JAPANESE!" ANTI-FOREIGN FERMENT IN CHINA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



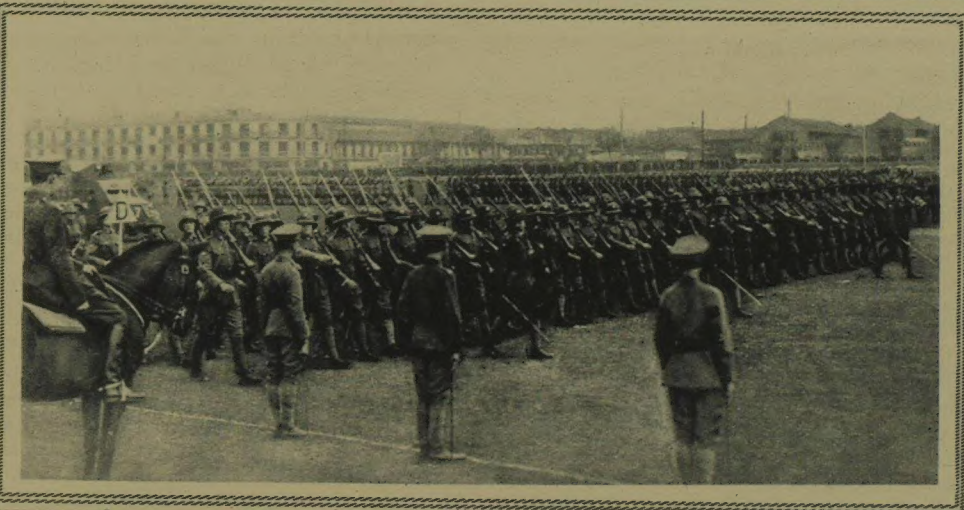
WHERE 8000 CHINESE STUDENTS DEMONSTRATED AFTER THE SHOOTING AFFAIR AT SHANGHAI: PART OF A GREAT PROCESSION PARADING THE STREETS OF PEKING ON JUNE 3.



THE CAUSE OF THE PEKING DEMONSTRATION: THE SCENE IN NANKING ROAD, SHANGHAI, JUST AFTER THE POLICE HAD FIRED ON THE MOB ON MAY 30—SIKHS, CHINESE POLICE, AMBULANCE MEN, AND CASUALTIES.



WHERE CHINESE STUDENTS, WHOSE NATIONALISM HAS BEEN FOSTERED BY BOLSHEVIST PROPAGANDA, SHOUTED "DOWN WITH IMPERIALISM!" "DOWN WITH THE RELIGION OF JESUS!" AND "KILL ALL BRITISH AND JAPANESE!": A TYPICAL OPEN-AIR DEMONSTRATION OF STUDENTS IN PEKING.



MOBILISED FOR THE PROTECTION OF FOREIGN RESIDENTS AFTER THE ATTACK ON THE POLICE: THE SHANGHAI VOLUNTEERS—A CEREMONIAL PARADE.



SHOWING ONE "YOUNG WOMAN SCREAMING HERSELF HOARSE LIKE A RAVING LUNATIC" (IN BLACK, EXTREME LEFT); CHINESE STUDENTS DEMONSTRATING OUTSIDE THE LEGATION QUARTER IN PEKING.

The attack on a police-station at Shanghai on May 30, when the police fired on the mob, was described in a letter (given in the "Times") by a member of the Shanghai Volunteer Force. "Very large numbers of excitable Chinese," he said, "surged up Nanking Road, sweeping the police before them. . . . There was only a handful of police—two or three white inspectors, a few Sikhs, and half-a-dozen Chinese constables, and very soon these were badly manhandled and driven right back into the police-station. . . . The mob, having been ejected once, came back again in real earnest, shouting 'Kill all foreigners!' and so on. The police were in a desperate plight, and finally the order was given to fire. Ten were killed and many wounded. . . . We [*i.e.*, the Volunteers] were mobilised

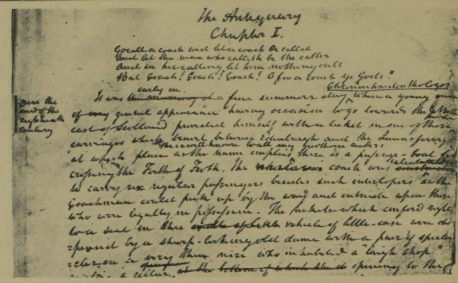
at once, and have been on duty ever since patrolling the city." Describing the demonstrations in Peking on June 3, the "Times" correspondent said: "The students, to the number of some 8000, spent to-day in parading the city. . . . There was a procession some miles long. . . . The multitude chanted. . . . 'Down with Imperialism!' 'Down with the religion of Jesus!' 'Kill all British and Japanese!' and so forth. . . . One small party attempted to enter the Legation quarter. . . . Several students had worked themselves into a frenzy of rage, one young woman screaming herself hoarse as she danced and gesticulated like a raving lunatic. . . . Soviet propaganda has contributed greatly to the student unrest, but Nationalism . . . is a growth long antedating the advent of Bolsheviks."

AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE EVENTS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, I.B. C.N. CENTRAL PRESS, SPORT AND GENERAL, P. AND A., AND



THE PROBLEM OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF CROWD: SOME OF THE 15,000 SPECTATORS WHO PUT MACDONALD SMITH OFF HIS GAME AT PRESTWICK.



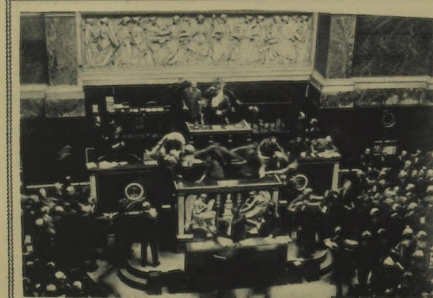
THE MANUSCRIPT OF SCOTT'S FAVOURITE AMONG HIS NOVELS (ONE OF THE FEW CONTAINING A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE) TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION: THE FIRST PAGE OF "THE ANTIQUARY."



THE NORTHAMPTON PAGEANT: AN EPISODE REPRESENTING THE MARRIAGE OF SIMON DE SENLIS, FIRST EARL OF NORTHAMPTON, TO THE COUNTESS MAUD, IN 1027.



COMMEMORATING 1162 CITIZENS OF YORK WHO FELL IN THE WAR: THE DEDICATION OF THE CITY WAR MEMORIAL, UNVEILED BY THE DUKE OF YORK (SEEN, WITH THE DUCHESS, TO THE RIGHT).



FISTICUFFS IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER OVER THE MOROCCO QUESTION: THE FRACAS BETWEEN COLONEL PICOT AND M. DORIOT, WHICH CAUSED A FREE FIGHT BETWEEN NATIONALISTS AND COMMUNISTS.



THE IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL OF MR. MASSEY, THE LATE PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND: THE COFFIN ON A GUN-CARRIAGE DRAWN BY SAILORS AND SOLDIERS ALONG HALSWELL POINT RIDGE.

OF THE WEEK RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

BEDFORD LEMERE AND CO. THAT OF THE SCOTT MS. BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY.



COACHING WAYS IN MODERN DAYS: THE MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB IN HYDE PARK—SOME OF THE COACHES LINED UP BEFORE THE START.



CRICKET AS PLAYED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, IN TOP HATS AND SIDE WHISKERS: A MATCH IN OLD-STYLE COSTUME TO CELEBRATE THE CENTENARY OF THE BISHOP'S STORTFORD CLUB.



ON THE DAY THAT THE DUCHESS OF YORK UNVEILED THE FAMOUS "FIVE SISTERS" WINDOW IN THE MINSTER: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT THE YORK COUNTY HOSPITAL.



A CRICKET CENTENARY AT BISHOP'S STORTFORD: THE TEAM (ARRIVING BY COACH) AND SPECTATORS IN COSTUMES OF THE PERIOD, ON THE ORIGINAL GROUND.



COVERED WITH A PYRAMID OF FLOWERS: MR. MASSEY'S TOMB ON THE SUMMIT OF HALSWELL POINT, A PROMONTORY COMMANDING WIDE VIEWS OF WELLINGTON HARBOUR.



OPENED BY THE KING: THE NEW BUILDING OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT IN LONDON, AT THE CORNER OF COCKSPUR STREET AND TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The final of the Open Golf Championship, at Prestwick on June 26 was attended by some 15,000 spectators. The strain of playing amid this huge concourse, crowding round the tees and greens, was too much for Macdonald Smith, the American competitor who at one time seemed certain to win. He was beaten by his compatriot, Jim Barnes, who had started earlier.—The sale at Sotheby's on July 27 will include Scott's complete manuscript of "The Antiquary," with a letter in which he describes it as his favourite among his novels, and "one of the very few . . . which contains a portrait from life" (that of George Constable of Wallace Craigie, Dundee, the original of Jonathan Oldbuck).—The Meet of the Coaching Club, of which Lord Desborough is President, was held in Hyde Park on June 27.—The Bishop's Stortford Cricket Club celebrated its centenary, on June 24, by a match played in the costumes of a hundred years ago. Unfortunately, rain stopped the game.—The Northampton pageant, of which three performances were given in aid of the Mansfield Hospital for Crippled Children, took place on the lawn outside Abington Abbey, where Shakespeare's

grand-daughter once lived, near the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul.—The Duke and Duchess of York on June 24 visited York, where the Duchess unveiled the restored Five Sisters Window in the Minster, as a memorial to 1465 women of the Empire who died in the war, and the Duke unveiled the City's War Memorial in honour of York's 1162 citizens who fell.—In the French Chamber of Deputies, on June 23, during a debate on Morocco, a free fight occurred between Communists and Nationalists, following an attack by Colonel Picot, an ardent Nationalist, on a Communist speaker, M. Doriot.—Mr. Massey, the late Prime Minister of New Zealand, was buried on May 14 at Point Halswell, once a fort commanding Wellington harbour. Two thousand ex-soldiers formed an escort, and the gun-carriage was hauled by soldiers and sailors.—The King opened the new Canadian Government Building in Trafalgar Square on June 29. It was for many years the Union Club, and was adapted for its new purpose by the architect, Mr. Septimus Warwick, F.R.I.B.A. The King and Queen were received by the High Commissioner for Canada, the Hon. Peter C. Larkin.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



LOVELESS WEDLOCK.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

SOME little time ago I described here a most remarkable deep-sea fish which had recently been taken in Iceland waters, and brought into Hull, whence, thanks to the good offices of Mr. T. Sheppard, of the Hull Museum, it was sent to the British Museum of Natural History, to be examined and described by one of our foremost living ichthyologists, Mr. Tate Regan, the Keeper of the Zoological Department of the Museum. At the time I wrote, that examination had not been made. But Mr. Regan has just given us a most exhaustive and fascinating account of this singular fish in the Proceedings of the Royal Society.

The tale he has to tell is one of the strangest in the annals of Natural History. It is the tale of a fish which seems to have been made the victim of one of Nature's most capricious moods! Were it conscious of its strange fate, its only consolation would be that it was but one of some thirty species, mishandled in a like manner! All are "ceratoids"; that is to say, are members of the same "tribe" or family, which embraces several genera, related to our familiar Angler-fish.

Upon *Ceratias holbolli* has settled an unenviable notoriety. The world is now placed in possession of all, or nearly all, the facts concerning its drab existence, more especially in respect to its marital relations. "Its," in this regard, refers equally to both sexes, though inevitably the female dominates the story. And this because of her relatively gigantic size—3 ft. 4 in. long, compared with her mate, who is the veriest pigmy, as will be seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 1).

He is not merely "tied to his wife's apron-strings"; he has become a mere appendage, dependent on her for his very existence. Nowhere else among the vertebrates is any male reduced to such an abject condition! What the larval stages of either sex are like, is unknown. But it would seem that the males, at a very early stage of their development, must enter the bonds of matrimony or perish forthwith. Their "Wander-jahr" must be compressed into hours; and during that brief space their whole energies must be devoted to seizing on the nearest female, in a sort of "blind man's buff," for it is doubtful whether they are ever capable of sight.

This seizing must be done with the jaws, which, perhaps, are modified after the manner of the tadpole, whose mouth is fashioned to form a kind of sucker. Presently, however, this voluntary hold is transformed into a permanent union between the two, which nothing but death can part; for the tissues in the area of contact between them speedily become fused, or welded together, forming an intimate connection.

As a consequence, the tiny body comes to depend for its whole nourishment on the blood-

are unknown! Why, in this family alone, among the fishes, should this strange state of affairs have come about? In all other species—and they are many—sharing the everlasting night prevailing here (for the sun's kindly rays can never pene-

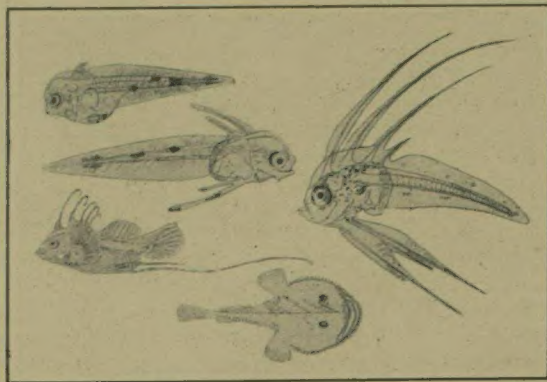


FIG. 2.—SHOWING THE ENORMOUSLY LONG PELVIS-FINS AND THE GRADUAL EVOLUTION OF THE BACK-FINS: EARLY STAGES OF THE ANGLER FISH.

"The early growth stages of the Angler Fish show the enormous length of the pelvis-fins, and the gradual evolution of the back-fins, which is later on—in the adult—broken up."

trate these awful depths) the males preserve their independence. But, though there be no sunlight here, the darkness is occasionally, at any rate, made visible. For the dwellers in this watery

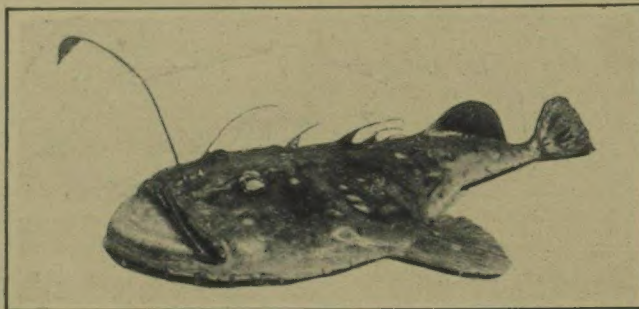


FIG. 3.—CHANGED FROM A ROUND TO A FLAT FISH, WITH A "FLAG" AS LURE "TO WELCOME LITTLE FISHES IN": THE ADULT ANGLER FISH.

"The adult Angler, now changed from a 'round' to a flat fish, has an enormous head and mouth, and a back-fin in which the foremost ray has shifted forwards on to the head to serve the purpose of a 'lure.'"

dungeon have developed the power of emitting a pale phosphorescent light from various parts of the body to serve as lures, whereby they are enabled to prey upon one another! Only thus, apparently, can they satisfy the pangs of hunger.

Ceratias holbolli, as I have remarked, is related, though distantly, to our shallow-water "Angler-fish," which is also a remarkable creature, and must be briefly described, for the sake of what follows. Let us begin at the beginning. It lays its eggs in the form of a great sheet of spawn, which may be as much as 36 ft. long, and ten or more inches in width. This sheet, containing over a million and a-quarter eggs, floats at the surface of the sea till the young emerge. These, at first, are "round" fishes, with no more than the rudiment of a dorsal fin-ray, and a continuous median fin-membrane. Gradually the number of the dorsal fin-rays increases, and other fins, including the tail-fin, make their appearance out of the median membrane, after the fashion shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 2). I wish, however, to draw particular attention to the two fin-rays which depend from the throat. These answer to the hind-limbs of terrestrial vertebrates. It will be noticed that they finally attain to an enormous

length, only to become reduced to mere vestiges in the adult. Next compare the shape of the head and body in the young and adult respectively. The young fish is clearly a "round fish," with a short head and small mouth. It is a very small head compared with the rest of the body; and on either side is spread a great pectoral or breast-fin. In the adult (Fig. 3) all is profoundly changed. The head dominates the body, and the mouth is enormous. The dorsal fin-rays, it will further be noticed, have become widely separated, the foremost being seated near the snout, and surmounted by a little flap of skin, which may be likened to a little flag. This plays an important part in the life history of the creature, which has now become hideous. The once-round, shapely body has become flattened out, and is thus admirably adapted for concealment in the mud in which it lies. The flag is a lure. Small fishes are attracted by its seductive movements, and are drawn nearer and nearer, till with "gently smiling jaws" it welcomes the little fishes in! That is to say, they are engulfed in an instant by the sudden opening of the huge mouth.

Ceratias holbolli (Fig. 1) having to live in mid-water, has become a laterally compressed fish; but she, too, uses a lure. The foremost fin-ray has been lost, and one much further back has taken its place. But instead of a flag at its tip, it carries a kind of electric torch, which can be lit and dimmed at will, or as hunger dictates. In the case of its near relative, *Melanocetus*, the surface of the body is studded with such lights.

There are no set meal-times here. It is a case of "catch as catch can." And hence some species have enormous mouths, and some have the power of making prodigious meals.

One of the most striking illustrations of this fact is that furnished by *Chiasmodon niger*, which, as shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 4), has swallowed a fish many times longer than himself. The body of the victim will be seen coiled upon itself. To enable this feat to be accomplished, the abdominal walls have become extremely elastic, so that they will stretch to the uttermost limit compatible with safety. Such a meal will doubtless serve for some time. This method of feeding recalls that of the snakes, which, in like manner, can swallow prey as large, or larger, in diameter than their own bodies. Having thus fed they can go for some weeks before needing another meal. All the fishes living in these great depths have been derived from shallow-water forms; and have become

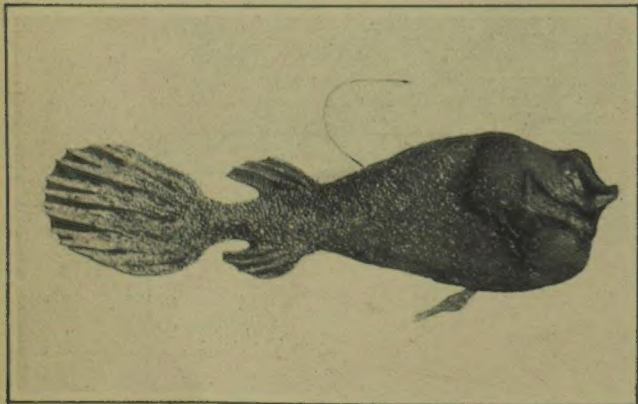


FIG. 1.—WITH A TINY DEGENERATE MALE ATTACHED TO HER ABDOMEN: THE FEMALE OF *CERATIAS HOLBOLLI*.

"The blind, spiny-skinned, black female has a degenerate male attached to her abdomen. Sometimes two males are found, and they seem to display no preference in the matter of the place of attachment. The phosphorescent lure is placed in the middle of the back."

stream of the female. Hence the whole digestive system has become reduced to the merest vestige. He is reduced, in short, to a mere vestment of skin. For him there is no "wooing"; for her there are no ardent suitors; the thrills of coquetry

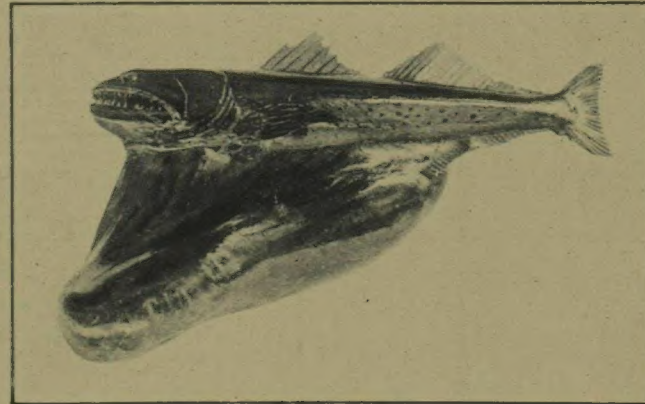


FIG. 4.—WITH STOMACH DISTENDED BY A FISH (COILED UP) MUCH LONGER THAN HIMSELF! *CHIASMODON NIGER*.

"The victim can be seen through the body wall coiled up. Note the deranged position of the pelvis-fin."

"adapted" to sustain the enormous pressures of this region of the sea. But, having forsaken the shallow, sunlit-waters for the utter darkness of the deeps, they cannot return, and live. Such as, by accident, rise beyond a certain limit must perforce continue their upward course, and burst before reaching the surface!

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XVII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



BLINX AND BUNDA ATTEND A COURTSHIP DISPLAY: TAKING THE PEACOCK DOWN A PEG.

In recording this week's adventure Mr. Shepherd was inspired by a paragraph in the "Way of the World" column of the "Morning Post." Quoting therefrom he says: "A thousand stories proclaim the humour of four-footed animals, as that of the cat which delights

in leaping, out of malicious fun, through the spread tail of a swaggering peacock." To this the artist adds: "Blinx and Bunda, who hate pomp and pride, welcome the above suggestion and act upon it."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The Stone-Age Australian—Man and Artist.

"THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL." By HERBERT BASEDOW.*

THE living Australian aboriginal is the correlative of Man as he was in Europe in the Stone Age. As it is with his many-times-removed kindred throughout the world, his peculiarly personal physical and mental characteristics are largely determined by the conditions of his life, and by those of the lives of his remote ancestors.

The velvety chocolate-brown colour of his angular, "unpadded," straight-spined, long-limbed, hairy body is "a relative conception, the difference in the amounts of pigment in his skin and in the 'white' man's being in all probability due to

and conventionalised into a pictorial "shorthand." It began, one may presume, in idleness; and it progressed into the decorative, the magical, and the practical.

Idle it was in the beginning—and perhaps practical as well. Its oldest records in Australia are carvings upon rock surfaces, akin to those of Europe, South Africa, and Egypt—representations of fish, animals, and men, and certain nondescript designs, cut and scraped, and chipped out.

The strongest proof of antiquity is in "a dark, rust-coloured patina or glossy surface film

which everywhere covers the exposures of the rock and carvings as well. These protective films are characteristic of all desert and arid regions. . . . But there is further evidence. If we could definitely claim the platypus design [on a rock of the Flinders Ranges] as authentic, it would mean that the ancient artist was familiar with the form of an animal which at the present time is quite unknown in Central Australia. But geology tells us that in times gone by, in the Pliocene period, perhaps even later, all the great lake systems of the Australian interior were not salt, as they are now, but fresh water. Under those conditions, it is quite feasible that the duck-billed monotreme might easily have lived in that region; if so, it might have supplied prehistoric man in Australia with a model he perpetuated in the rocks."

Support comes in similar fashion from carved designs at Yunta, which depict the spoor of a very large animal which may be the Diprotodon, of the Pliocene Age; and from "exceptionally large bird tracks carved into the rocks at Balparana, in the Flinders Ranges, which seem too big to be intended for those of an emu; the question might reasonably be asked whether they could not have been made by a primitive hunter at a time when the now extinct 'moa,' or Genyornis, still lived in Australia." In which connection be it noted that "an aboriginal never exaggerates the dimensions of a track when drawing from Nature." His livelihood depends upon exact knowledge, and when he is teaching his children the meaning of spoors he is most careful to ensure precise reproduction. Further, he used, and uses, such spoors to show beyond question the significance of certain of his pictographs which might otherwise be misinterpreted. There is the case of a drawing in a cave north of the Musgrave Ranges. The crude beast ridden by the man has a strange enlargement attached to the lower end of the second leg, counting from the right. "That structure is the key to the riddle; it represents the track of the animal! Those familiar with the great beast of burden, now used extensively in central Australia, will recognise the two-toed spoor of a camel."

That were practical indeed; as practical as the economy of line in pictographic messages from individual to individual or tribe to tribe; as the elaborate tree-carving to mark the place of burial of a notable personage or the ground consecrated to an initiation ceremony; as the camouflage-anointing of the body with ochre, earth, or clay to simulate the colour of surroundings when hunting or being hunted; as the making of totemic "family crests." But not to be interpreted as curiously as the "stencilled" hand-marks whose use seems to suggest Scotland Yard and finger-prints! "A native attaches considerable importance to his identity being thus recorded and preserved in some of the caves, believing the hand to stand for his

individuality with as much certitude as, say, the European who leaves his card or carves his name in stone or wood. It is compulsory for members of a certain rank in the Worora tribe to have their "hand-shadows" perpetuated upon the walls of caves in which the bones of their ancestors are reposed, because the spirits of the dead are thus supposed to be apprised of any visits which have been made to their last earthly resting-places. It is beyond dispute that the natives possess the faculty of being able to recognise the hand-marks of their relatives and tribesmen, even though they may not have been present when they were made."

Desire for decoration is seen in the designs scratched in the sand for the delectation of the youngsters, the incised patterns on rocks and trees, on weapons and on nuts of the baobab, on pearl-shell coverings worn suspended from the belt, and in the more symbolic patterns that are parts of ceremonies and signs of cults. Mature accomplishment is in the birds and beasts and men of the rock shelters and the caves, creations carved and in charcoal, kaolin, ochre, pipe-clay, often embodying natural formations, and made for purely æsthetic reasons, or as the result of a discussion, or, indeed, to sanctify the abode and so make it impregnable to the Evil Spirit.

Very mature accomplishment when the tools are considered! For these were necessarily limited—probably to sharp-edged stones, shells, and teeth; pointed stone chisels; pebbles for colour-grinding; short sticks; brushes of green shoots of the lawyer-cane chewed as to the business end—and the fingers. For colours: charred wood or powdered charcoal, white pipe-clay, yellow ochre, and especially red ochre—the ochre that was regarded as the blood of a sacred emu killed by a horde of wild dogs and was collected by the newly initiated, who cut off their beards and threw them into a chasm, saying: "The great Emu wants feathers; we offer her the token of our manhood."

So much for the aboriginal Australian as artist. To see him on the march and in camp, as hunter, as father, as fighter, as individual, and as tribesman; to realise the uncertainties of his birth, his initiation, his marriage, and his death; to appreciate his organisations, his manners, and his customs, the nature of his food and drink and his amusements; to learn of his religious ideas; to shudder at his 'boning'; to know the whys and the wherefores of his racial characteristics, reference must be made to Dr.



ADVANCED AS A PROOF OF THE GREAT AGE OF CERTAIN ROCK CARVINGS BY AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES: A "DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS" (LEFT CENTRE OF RIGHT HALF) IN THE FLINDERS RANGES.

The duck-billed platypus is unknown in the central Australia of to-day; but it is possible that it frequented the lakes of the Australian interior in the Pliocene period, or even later, when the waters were not salt as now, but fresh.

climatic influences extending over long periods of time." It is a protection against the blazing heat.

The eyes, deeply sunk in the sockets of the long and narrow skull, "lie beneath a projecting bony roof and bushy eyebrows. Nature in this way protects the eyes against the scorching rays of the Southern sun by an effective screen, which lies above and before them like the peak of a cap."

The broad nose is cultivated as well as racial: "mothers artificially flatten the noses of their children when quite young by pressing upon them with their fingers, and often repeating the process."

The ivory-white teeth in the protuberant jaws of the wide, full-lipped mouth are as sound as might be expected; but "a common feature . . . is that the teeth are ground down on a level, to varying extents, depending upon the age of the individual examined. . . . This excessive wear of healthy teeth is mainly attributable to the large quantities of sand contained in the everyday diet."

As to the limbs: "There is, of course, no doubt that the length of the extremities, both upper and lower . . . together with the relative slenderness of the vertebrae, points to an early evolutionary stage, which was common to the ancestral forms of both man and ape. The monkey has brought tree-climbing to such a degree of perfection that it practically lives in the branches. Primitive man, too, has not neglected the art, and, although the normal proportions of his extremities do not directly suggest tree-climbing, there is another development which does, especially in the Australian; and that is his foot. . . . The aborigines of Australia make frequent use of their toes. A considerable lateral flexibility of the end phalanges enables them to lift small objects off the ground between the big and second toes. Spears are carried by warriors, between the toes of either foot, to conceal the weapons in the grass; and so the enemy is led to believe that the men are unarmed. When collecting firewood, the gins never stoop to pick up the pieces, but lift them with their toes to the level of their hands."

And so it goes on; even unto an Art that has its parallels wherever the primitives—with the most lowly of 'p's"—have flourished.

The Australian draughtsmen, the painters, and the sculptors had their place long before there was history; and their work was both naturalistic



SIGNS OF IDENTITY THAT ARE SUGGESTIVE OF SCOTLAND YARD'S FINGER-PRINT DEPARTMENT! HAND-MARKS OF THE WORORA TRIBE IN A CAVE.

The Worora Tribe regard their "hand-shadows" more or less as the European regards his visiting-card. "It is beyond dispute that the natives possess the faculty of being able to recognise the hand-marks of their relatives and tribesmen."

Reproductions from "The Australian Aboriginal," by Courtesy of the Author, Dr. Herbert Basedow, and of the Publishers, Messrs. F. W. Preece and Sons.

Basedow's most thorough, most illuminating book—a work of exceptional value now, and to be of even more vital importance in the future, for the Australian with whom it is concerned is threatened with early extinction: nothing will remain but such records, bones, stone artefacts, and wooden implements!

E. H. G.

*"The Australian Aboriginal." By Herbert Basedow, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., B.Sc., etc., sometime Chief Medical Inspector and Chief Protector of Aborigines in the Northern Territory; Special Aborigines' Commissioner for the Federal and State Governments, etc. With 146 Illustrations. (F. W. Preece and Sons, Adelaide: 30s. net.)

AS THE SAND FOR MULTITUDE: THE MOST VALUABLE OF BIRDS.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



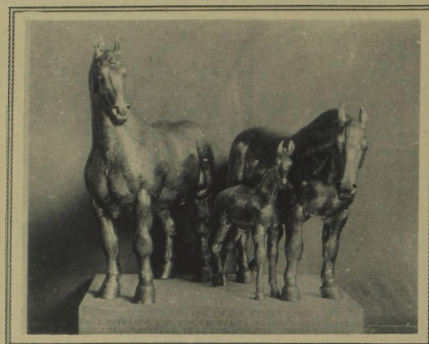
SAFETY IN NUMBERS: MILLIONS OF GUANAYES, CHIEF OF THE GUANO-PRODUCING BIRDS OF PERUVIAN ISLANDS, COMPLETELY COVERING THE GROUND, AND INDIFFERENT TO A MODERN "CRUSOE" AND HIS DONKEY, ON THE ISLAND OF SAN MARTIN.

This extraordinary scene is typical of those described in Dr. R. C. Murphy's book, "Bird Islands of Peru" (reviewed in our issue of April 4), though the particular island here illustrated does not appear to be mentioned in it. The islets off the long Peruvian shore-line are the haunt of countless birds whose "guano," invaluable as manure, is a source of great wealth to the country. To quote our review, with extracts from the book: "Each of the numerous islands is a bird sanctuary. Guardians . . . are resident on every group. . . . 'The islands are worked according to a system of rotation which leaves ample and congenial breeding-grounds always available.'" As a result of the new system, "ten years ago the annual output (of guano) was less than 25,000 tons, while

to-day it is about 90,000 tons, of which 70,000 are used in Peru, and the remainder exported." Of four species of birds which are the chief guano-producers, the most important is the guanay, and Dr. Murphy describes it as "the most valuable bird in the world . . . the king among avian benefactors." It belongs to an Antarctic branch of the cormorant family, but, unlike the rest, "it 'hawks' its food; that is, it hunts exclusively by sight and from the air, locating the fishes which it seeks before descending to the water to catch them. . . . The guanay feeds on surface-swimming fishes, such as anchovies, young herrings, and silversides . . . Such forms travel in tremendous schools which are assailed *en masse* by proportionately large flocks of birds."

A "PHIDIAS" OF THE FOUR-FOOTED: FARMYARD "SITTERS"

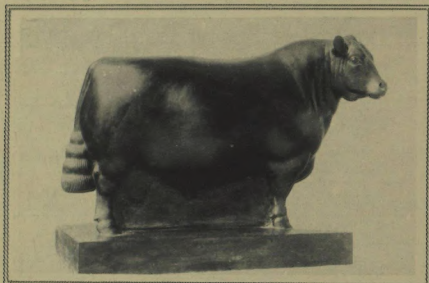
By COURTESY OF MR. HERBERT HASELTINE.



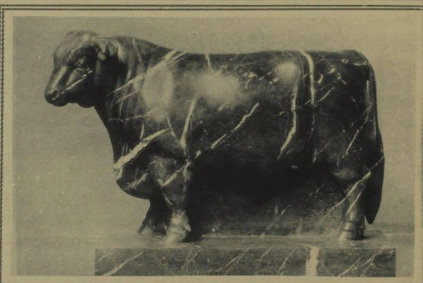
BOUGHT BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF NEW YORK: MR. HERBERT HASELTINE'S GROUP OF PERCHERONS—"RHUM" STALLION, "MESSALINA," AND THEIR FOAL, FROM A WARWICKSHIRE STUD.



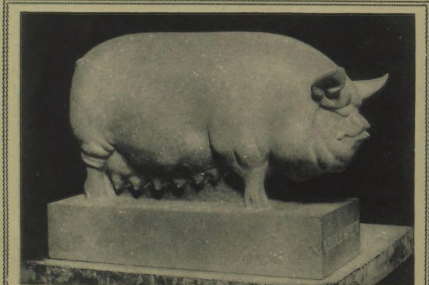
BOUGHT BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT FOR THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM: MR. HASELTINE'S PLASTER MODEL OF A SUFFOLK PUNCH STALLION, "SUDBOURNE PREMIER," TO BE EXECUTED IN BRONZE PLATED WITH GOLD.



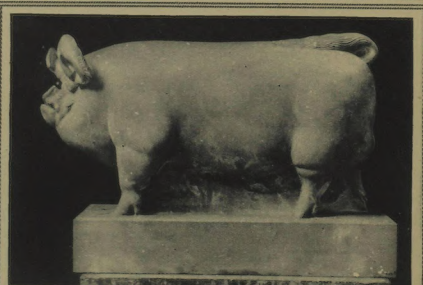
"BLACK KNIGHT OF AUCHTERARDER": MR. HASELTINE'S FIGURE OF A CHAMPION ABERDEEN ANGUS BULL BELONGING TO SIR LEONARD BRASSEY, BT, M.P., OF AFTHORPE HALL, PETERBOROUGH.



"BRIDGEBANK PAYMASTER": MR. HASELTINE'S MARBLE FIGURE OF A SHORT-HORN BULL, THIRCE CHAMPION AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOWS OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.



"WHARFEDALE ROYAL LADY": MR. HASELTINE'S FIGURE OF A MIDDLE WHITE SOW BRED BY MR. LEOPOLD PAGET, OF MIDDLETHORPE HALL, YORK, AND TWICE CHAMPION.



"WHARFEDALE DELIVERANCE": MR. HASELTINE'S FIGURE OF A MIDDLE WHITE BOAR, BRED AND OWNED BY MR. LEOPOLD PAGET, AND THE WINNER OF MANY CHAMPIONSHIPS.

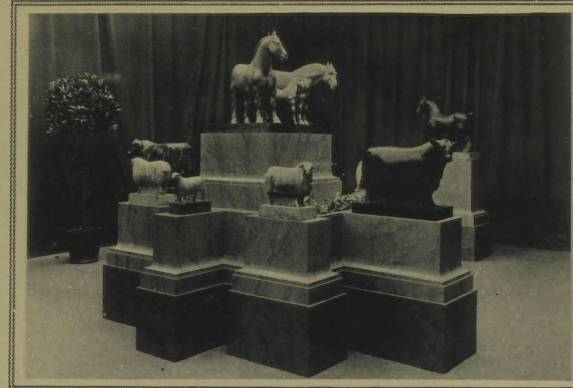
Mr. Herbert Haseltine, the well-known American sculptor, who specialises in figures of animals, is about to hold an exhibition of his work, under the auspices of "The Field," at Knoedler's Gallery, 15, Old Bond Street. There is to be a private view on July 7, and it is to be open to the public on the following day. Mr. Haseltine has just held a similar exhibition in Paris, at the Galeries Georges Petit. A number of the Paris exhibits are shown in the above photographs, including the figure of the Suffolk Punch stallion which the French Government has bought for the Luxembourg, as it did his group of "Field Artillery." Some examples of Mr. Haseltine's work have also been shown recently in Paris at the Exposition Triennale de Works by French, British, and American painters and sculptors, held at the Galeries Durand-Ruel. It was organised by Mrs. G. H. Harriman, of New York. Our readers

TO A SCULPTOR ABOUT TO EXHIBIT IN LONDON.

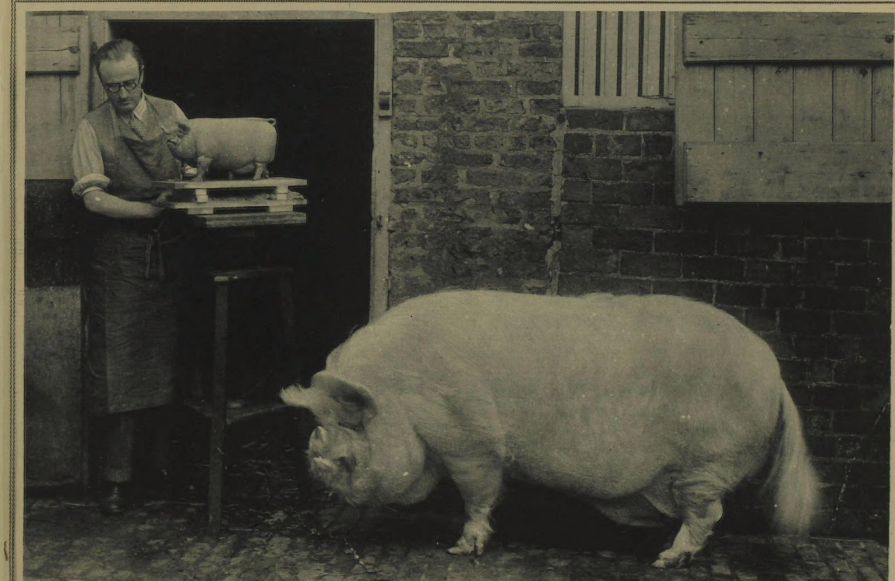
FROM HIS RECENT EXHIBITION IN PARIS.



WITH ITS PEDESTAL: ANOTHER VIEW OF MR. HASELTINE'S MODEL OF THE PUNCH STALLION, "SUDBOURNE PREMIER," BOUGHT FOR THE LUXEMBOURG.



IN MR. HERBERT HASELTINE'S RECENT EXHIBITION OF ANIMAL SCULPTURES IN PARIS: A GROUP INCLUDING THE PERCHERONS, BULLS, AND SUFFOLK PUNCH STALLION SHOWN IN THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS.



A PRIZE BOAR GIVING A SITTING TO A FAMOUS SCULPTOR OF FARM AND SPORTING ANIMALS: MR. HERBERT HASELTINE AT WORK, FROM "THE LIFE," ON HIS MODEL OF "WHARFEDALE DELIVERANCE," THE PROPERTY OF MR. LEOPOLD PAGET, AT MIDDLETHORPE HALL, YORK.

will remember that some of Mr. Haseltine's plaster models of horses, in an unfinished state, were illustrated in our issue of February 28 last. In that of April 19, 1924, we gave a photograph of his war memorial for the Cavalry Club, "The Empty Saddle," and in our number for June 25, 1921, his figures of American polo-players in action. Mr. Haseltine served with the United States forces in the war, and helped to organise the camouflage section. During last winter he visited many farms and studs in this country to make his models. In some notes on the Percherons, a French breed of cart-horses, he says: "Rhum was a magnificent specimen, full of courage and fire, and, on the other hand, as gentle as a lamb. I was able to take the measurements and walk all round him without the slightest danger of being kicked." Of the Suffolk Punch he writes: "Sudbourne Premier was superb."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHEN did historians first take to reckoning in centuries, and talk about the first, second, third century, and so on? Thucydides, for example, lived and wrote in the fifth century B.C., though he did not know it, poor benighted pagan! But did he consider himself as living in any "century" at all, counting from some previous date? The hundred has been used as a round number, probably, since numbers were invented. The Greeks sacrificed in hecatombs; the seed of the sower "bare fruit an hundred fold"; and the centurion of the Roman army took rank from the hundred under his command. To-day we apply it to dividends and cricket scores. We dream of a hundred per cent., and we rejoice over the "centuries" of Hobbs. My point is—when was that figure adopted to mark off periods of history, and when did people begin to celebrate centenaries? "All the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine years": but did he have a specially grand birthday party on the completion of each of his nine centuries? Did the posters on those occasions announce—"Methuselah does it again"?

These irreverent considerations arise from the fact that the three books "on the list" this week fall conveniently into centuries.

Now that we are observing the centenary of railways, and towards the close of the first quarter of the twentieth century, during which the motor-car has revolutionised our roads, it is appropriate to read how people went about the country three hundred years ago, from the later days of Shakespeare to the time of Congreve. Such is the subject of "TRAVEL IN ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY," by Joan Parkes (Oxford University Press; London, Milford; 21s. net). It is a work crammed full of interesting records, and at the same time it is a marvel of compression; in fact, the writing of it must have been like packing a trousseau into a suit-case, for the list of "books consulted" contains over two hundred entries. The illustrations alone, comprising 46 old prints, in the choice of which the author was helped by Mr. Laurence Binyon, represent no little research.

The author has classified her material under subjects, such as England in the seventeenth century (a general description); roads and bridges; the Watch; carriage by land and water; inns, ale-houses, and other lodging; and highway-men; while in the last three chapters miscellaneous matters and happenings are grouped under the titles "Trials and Tribulations," "On the Road," and "Travellers and Travelling." It is typical of her discursive method that after many casual allusions to Mrs. Celia Fiennes—whose book, "Through England on a Side Saddle in the Time of William and Mary," has provided much material—it is not until page 301 that we reach the main account of that adventurous woman, whose peripatetic achievements rival those of John Wesley and William Cobbett.

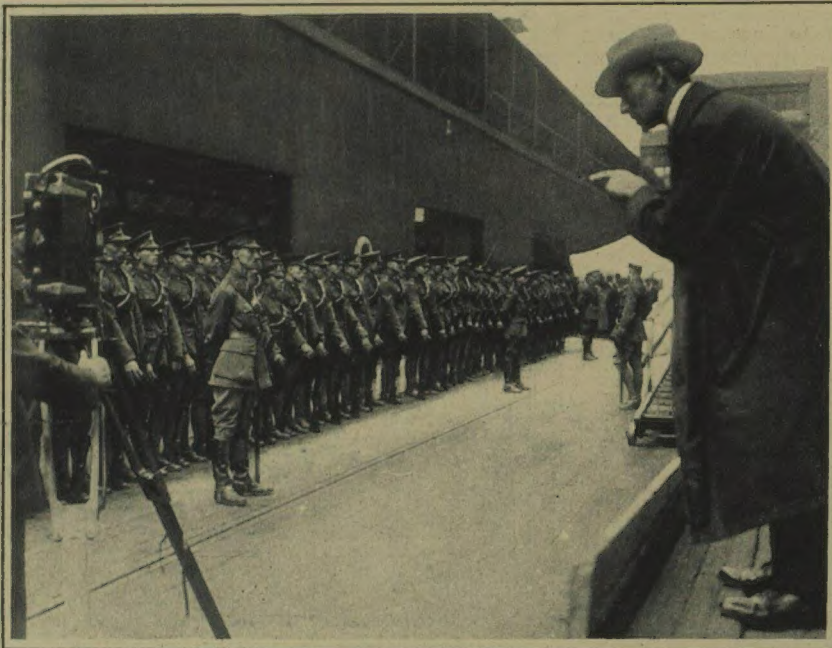
"Mrs. Celia Fiennes," we read, "accomplished during the last decade of the century some three thousand miles of travel, almost entirely on horseback." I should like to know who she was and how she came to do it, but this (perhaps through inadvertence) I have so far failed to discover. Incidentally, in the chapter on highway-men, an old idol is removed from his pedestal, for we learn that it was not Dick Turpin, but William Nevison, who did the famous ride to York.

The dominant impression produced by this delightfully informing book, to my mind, is the astonishing contrast between travel facilities of to-day and the difficulties encountered, by land or water, in the period described. They were due to the appalling condition (or non-existence) of roads, the chaotic state of local administration, vexatious restrictions, the slowness of vehicles, and the perils of highway robbery. In our day we are in danger of forgetting Matthew Arnold's warning (expressed, if I remember aright, in "Friendship's Garland") that it does not matter at what pace we travel to our destination, but rather what we do and say and think on the way and when we arrive. In the seventeenth century the average traveller could certainly not be accused of exceeding the speed limit to the detriment of his immortal soul.

Proceeding to the eighteenth century, we are confronted with the rotund countenance of that royal general who became known as "Butcher" Cumberland, the victor of Culloden and queller of the Jacobite rebellion

of 1745. The portrait, which is a photograph from the bust by Rysbrack at Holland House, forms the frontispiece to "WILLIAM AUGUSTUS DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AND THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR," by the Hon. Evan Charteris, K.C. With 8 illustrations and 2 maps. (Hutchinson; 21s. net.) The author, who has made it his task "to free Cumberland from some of the misrepresentation of which he has been the victim and present a more just and accurate portrait of the man," here provides a sequel to his two previous books, "William Augustus Duke of Cumberland: His Early Life and Times, 1721-1748" and "Affairs of Scotland, 1774-1746." The present volume closes with the termination of his military services. Perhaps we may look forward to yet another, covering his last phase, during which he recovered some of his former popularity.

The new volume, which differs on many points from accepted tradition, deserves close attention from students of the period. It is evidently intended for those who are historically well-informed, rather than for such as require merely a picturesque and popular biography. It is, however, readable and interesting, being rich in anecdote, character sketches, and well-drawn pictures of social life.



A SUBJECT OF QUESTIONS IN THE HOUSE: BRITISH TERRITORIALS ACCOMPANY AN AMERICAN FILM FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO LONDON—THE PRODUCER AND HIS OPERATOR FILMING THE TROOPS ON THE QUAY AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Much comment was caused when a detachment of Hampshire Territorials met the "Berengaria" on her arrival at Southampton on June 24, and accompanied an American film-producer and his film to Waterloo and thence to Wardour Street. The troops were employed under the impression that it would be for the purpose of recruiting propaganda. It was stated that the film had been insured for £250,000, and the policy stipulated that it should be taken to the ship in an armoured car (this was done in New York), guarded on board, and escorted from the docks to London. The War Office instituted an inquiry into the affair, and in the House of Commons questions were put down for June 29. (Photograph by P. and A.)

One of the pleasantest chapters is that on the Duke as a sportsman. "In breeding King Herod and Eclipse, in founding the Jockey Club, in reviving Ascot, and in kindling a general interest in racing and the improvement of race-horses, Cumberland probably did more for the Turf than any man either before or since his day." He was at one time also a patron of pugilism, but his interest in the noble art evaporated after his protégé, Jack Broughton, was knocked out by Jack Slack, and lost him £10,000 in bets.

These are lighter interludes, however, and the book is mainly concerned with Cumberland's part in politics and military projects at a time when the French were planning to drive the British out of Canada, and when Frederick the Great was developing his ambitions on the Continent. It was during this period that Admiral Byng was shot for his failure at Minorca, and in that matter we learn that "Butcher" Cumberland belied his nickname, and was "for mercy." When, in 1757, the Seven Years' War began, and he was urged to take command of the "Army of Observation" which George II. was sending to help "his good ally the King of Prussia" against a coalition of Austria, France, Russia, Sweden, and Saxony, the Duke at first hesitated. "The task had nothing to commend it. It meant separation from the Army which it was the passion of his life to command (i.e., as Captain-General), and an exchange to the captaincy of half-hearted Hanoverians and subsidised mercenaries to be pitted against the finest troops of France in a crushing superiority. George II. insisted. Frederick of Prussia declared it to be essential. Cumberland chose the arduous course. He yielded. He accepted the command, and in doing so identified himself

with one of the disastrous episodes of the Seven Years' War." After the defeat at Hastenbeck and the capitulation at Klosterzeven, George II., who was mainly responsible, threw all the blame upon his son. Cumberland on his return resigned the office of Captain-General, and "could have been seen in a post-chaise on the Windsor road, in his blue coat, the cockade no longer in his hat, his military trappings finally laid aside, a private man with his mind turned towards the ease and relaxation of country pursuits. . . . It was the end of his share in the Seven Years' War. . . . Had he given to the world the text of his instructions, he would have protected his fame and reputation."

With another stride of our hundred-year boots, we step into the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and exchange the atmosphere of martial enterprise for that of literary gossip. From "TOM MOORE'S DIARY: A SELECTION EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION," by J. B. Priestley (Cambridge University Press; 6s. net), it is clear that the poet's life—in the leisure hours of his palmy days—was one long, if decorous, symposium. "He was a troubadour to the Whig society of the Regency," says the editor; "a gregarious, convivial soul, a born diner-out in the great age of dining-out. He was an Englishman's idea of what an Irishman should be." He met most of his famous contemporaries at the dinner-tables of Holland House and Bowood, or at the breakfast-tables of literary cronies. In these extracts from the Diary there is little feeling of Irish patriotism, save in the entry describing Moore's triumphal reception at Wexford, where he was saddened by "mournful associations connected with the reverse of all this smiling picture." The college friend of Robert Emmet and the author of "Irish Melodies" was not born to be hanged for his political convictions, though his verse did much to win English sympathy for Irish aspirations. The fleshpots of Egypt mellowed the poetic rebel, and in reading this diary of dinners one can understand how, in his mood of regret for lost youth and "the light of other days," he chose a festal simile and compared himself to one—

... Who treads alone
A banquet-hall deserted.

But Mr. Priestley, in his excellent introduction, points out that Tom Moore was "something very different from the tuneful lapdog of common report," that he showed manly independence in his financial affairs, worked hard, and was admirable in his domestic affections. The Diary itself he kept for nearly thirty years, as a provision for his family. It is not so much a self-revelation, like that of Pepys, but, as Mr. Priestley says, "the picture of an age. . . . Moore does not omit a single figure of any importance he met during the period . . . and always skims the cream of the talk." The present volume is the "cream" of the Diary, about a fifth of the whole work, which, being prolix and swamped with political small beer, lent itself particularly well to condensation.

While "many of his swans are now geese, and little geese at that," there is undying interest in Moore's personal records of Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth, and his meetings with Charles Lamb, Macaulay, Sheridan, Mary Shelley, Mrs. Siddons, Sydney Smith, and Talleyrand. I was surprised to find no allusion to Keats, who wrote to his brother and sister in 1818 or 1819: "Hunt has asked me to meet Tom Moore some day." Perhaps the meeting never came off; and Keats then had only a year or two to live.

Before concluding, I must quote one entry that reverts to the subject with which we began. Under date of August 1835 Moore writes: "To Liverpool by the railroad; a grand mode of travelling. . . . The motion so easy that I found I could write without any difficulty *chemin faisant*." Could he do as much to-day if he took the Underground to Kensington on his way to Holland House?

Apart from a few short pieces, Moore's poetry, with its jingling anapaests, never appealed to me as strongly as must its patriotic sentiment to the sons of Erin. In replying to Praed's question—"And don't you think Tom Moore delightful?"—I should be thinking of the Diary and the dinners, rather than of "The Minstrel Boy" or "The Last Rose of Summer," when I firmly answered "Yes."

C. E. B.

THE R.A.F.'S FINEST DISPLAY: ROYAL ORDERS TO AIRCRAFT BY RADIO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., C.N., AND KEYSTONE.



WITH THE MICROPHONE (ON TABLE) THROUGH WHICH HE GAVE A COMMAND TO "MOSQUITOES" IN THE AIR: THE KING, WITH THE QUEEN, SIR S. HOARE, AND SIR HUGH TRENCHARD (RIGHT).



IN WONDERFULLY REGULAR "ARROWHEAD" FORMATION: 18 OF THE 36 MACHINES IN THE AIR AT ONCE DURING THE SQUADRON DRILL BY RADIO TELEPHONY, FOR WHICH THE KING GAVE A COMMAND.



LOW BOMBING OF A TANK BY SQUADRONS OF FAST SINGLE-SEATERS AT 150 MILES AN HOUR: THE FIRST MACHINE SCORES A DIRECT HIT WITH ITS FIRST SMOKE-BOMB.



SHOWING PART OF THE RECORD CROWD OF OVER 100,000 PEOPLE WHO ATTENDED THE ROYAL AIR FORCE DISPLAY AT HENDON: A HORIZONTAL VIEW OF THE SQUADRON DRILL.



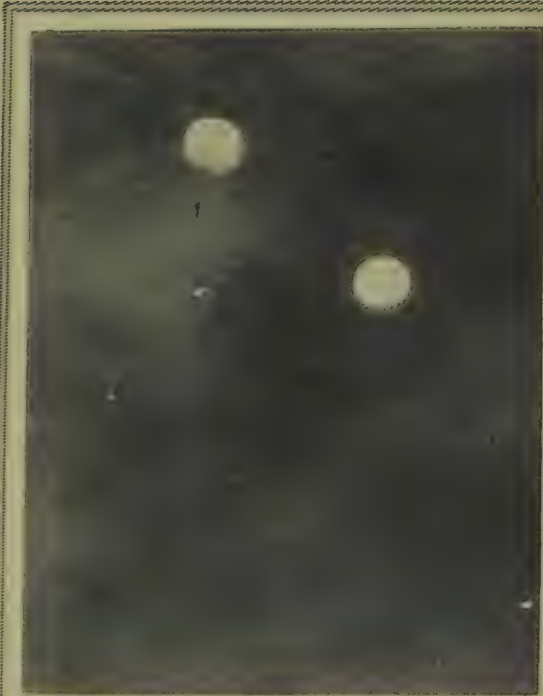
THE CLIMAX OF THE R.A.F. DISPLAY: HEAVY BOMBS BURSTING ON A "CRUISER"—AN ENEMY RAIDER HIDDEN BY VEGETATION ON A TROPICAL RIVER—DISCOVERED BY A RECONNAISSANCE PLANE.

The Royal Air Force display held on Hendon, on June 27, in the presence of the King and Queen and the Duke and Duchess of York, was the finest air show yet seen in this country and a triumph of staff organisation. It also attracted a larger crowd of spectators—over 100,000—than in any previous year. With their Majesties in the Royal Enclosure were Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for Air, and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard, Chief of the Air Staff. A wonderful event was the formation flying by the first aeroplane squadron in the world to be equipped with radio-telephony. During this squadron drill the King, by means of a microphone on the table before him, gave a command

which was borne on air waves to the ears of the pilots, and was broadcast by loud speakers. His Majesty's words were: "Hallo, Mosquitoes! Alter course sixteen points outwards." A moment after they had been uttered, the squadron performed the movement. Other interesting displays were the flights of seven machines of new types; the bombing of a tank by fast single-seaters, which darted down at a speed of about 150 miles an hour to a height of 50 feet; and, finally, the bombing of an enemy "cruiser," constructed of scrap metal, and represented as lying hid in a tropical river concealed by vegetation, until her magazine exploded and she became a total wreck.

LIKE DROPPING INTO A FEATHER-BED: PARACHUTES FOR THE R.A.F.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY J. EARLE MILLER.



OF THE U.S. ARMY TYPE ADOPTED BY THE R.A.F. TWO PARACHUTES IN THE AIR AT 10,000 FEET, AFTER THE OCCUPANTS DROPPED FROM AN AEROPLANE.

2
the edge of the envelope, descend in two groups to the aviator's harness, twelve to one shoulder, and thirteen to the other. Twenty-four of them are of white silk, while the odd one is red and runs to the top of the envelope, so that after landing the flyer can haul in on the red cord and spill the air out of the big envelope to prevent its dragging him across the ground. . . . In the five years since the present parachute was adopted by the American Army there has never been a
[Continued in Box 3.]



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT: THE PARACHUTIST WONDERS WHETHER HE WILL CLEAR THE RIVER OR TAKE A BATH.



WITH PILOT PARACHUTE ON TOP: A PARACHUTE (LEFT) WHOSE PENDULUM SWING THE INEXPERIENCED JUMPER HAS NOT OVERCOME LIKE HIS COMRADE (RIGHT).

1
"THE new parachute adopted by the Royal Air Force," writes Mr. J. Earle Miller (referring to Sir Samuel Hoare's recent announcement that he had ordered parachutes for the whole of the R.A.F.), "is an American Army model, developed at Dayton, Ohio. It is known as a 'seat-pack,' since it replaces the usual cushion, the wearer sitting on the folded parachute in the plane. The parachutes, which cost 600 dollars each, are of the finest Japanese silk. The parachute itself is 20 ft. in diameter when opened, and the silk envelope is 32 ft. above the wearer's waist as he descends. Twenty-five shroud lines, spaced around
[Continued in Box 2.]

3
case of failure when it was used in accordance with directions. Safe emergency jumps have been made from heights as low as 200 ft., and others when the flyer deliberately fell 1500 ft. before pulling the rip cord. Safety depends on proper folding of the envelope and shroud lines within the canvas pack container. Six strong elastic bands are hooked around the pack, which is held together by a wire passed through eyelets. The wire runs through a flexible steel cable to the flyer's left breast, terminating in a four-inch iron ring. When the ring is tugged the wire is withdrawn from the eyelets and the elastic bands jerk the pack open,
[Continued below.]



SHOWING THE LITTLE PILOT PARACHUTES PULLING OUT THE BIG ENVELOPES: TWO "PULL OFF" JUMPS FROM WINGS OF A MARTIN BOMBER—A METHOD APPARENTLY SAFER THAN THE FREE LEAP TYPE, BUT LIABLE TO SKIN THE SHOULDERS BY THE FORCE OF THE JERK.



AFTER A "PULL-OFF" JUMP FROM A MARTIN BOMBER: THE MAN IN A HORIZONTAL POSITION AND THE PARACHUTE OPENING OUT.

[Continued.]

allowing the parachute to fall out. At the top of the pile is a small pilot parachute, not much larger than a silk handkerchief, but equipped with ribs like an umbrella, actuated by a spring mechanism that causes it to fly open as soon as the pressure of the pack is removed. The pilot chute pulls the big envelope out until the air catches and fills it. In exhibition jumping the flyer who is to make the leap goes aloft in the rear cockpit, and when the proper altitude is reached the pilot signals him to climb over the side, standing on the step on the left-hand side of the fuselage, with left arm hooked into the pilot's cockpit, and

right hand grasping the rip cord ring over his left breast. At the next signal he releases his hold on the front cockpit, leans backward and kicks out with his foot, pushing himself backward into space. As soon as he has fallen clear of the plane, so that there is no danger of the opening parachute getting entangled in the tail surfaces, he pulls the cord. Up to that time he has been falling either horizontally, on his back, or with head lower than his feet. As the parachute opens it pulls him upright, but, as the plane was heading into the wind when he dropped off, in order that he might blow clear of the machine, he is now drifting backwards;
[Continued opposite.]

STEPPING OFF AN AEROPLANE INTO SPACE: A "SEAT-PACK" PARACHUTE.

U.S. ARMY PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY J. EARLE MILLER.



TO BE OPENED, AFTER FALLING CLEAR, BY PULLING THE RIP CORD WITHIN THE FLEXIBLE CABLE (LEFT): A SEAT-PACK PARACHUTE—SHOWING ELASTIC RIBBONS THAT JERK THE PACK OPEN WHEN THE CORD IS PULLED.

Continued.

so the next step is to grasp the shroud lines above each shoulder, and with a twisting jerk turn around to face the direction of drift, so that he will land face forward and on his feet. In landing the jumper draws up his knees to take up the shock, which otherwise might break an ankle. As the open parachute with a man of average weight descends sixteen feet a second, the force of landing is about equivalent to dropping off the top of a railroad goods van, while if the ground wind is blowing twenty miles an hour, with corresponding forward drift of the parachute, the effect is like jumping from the top of a train moving twenty miles an hour. Commander Christie, aviation attaché at Washington, who arranged for the purchase of several hundred parachutes for the Royal Air Force, visited the American Army Parachute School, at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois, and made an exhibition jump from a height of 2000 feet after less than an hour's instruction in the use of the parachute. He was accompanied by Lieut. Soden and Flight-Officer Lacey, who

also made jumps, and then entered the American school for a course of training preparatory to instructing R.A.F. officers. Practically all the exhibition jumps made in America now are of the type called 'live jumps,' where the flyer steps over the side and launches himself into space before pulling the rip cord. Occasionally a 'pull-off' is staged, where the flyer ascends standing on the wing of the plane, clinging to a strut, and at the signal from the pilot pulls the rip cord and allows the opening parachute to jerk him off the wing. It looks safer than the other type, since the jumper is holding to a solid strut until his parachute is actually open, but the terrific jerk of a 'pull-off' causes the harness to rub most of the skin off the flyer's shoulders, while in a live jump there is no jerk. Commander Christie described the sensation as a gradual tightening-up of the harness. There is no sensation of falling, as the pilot is facing upward, and has nothing by which to gauge his movements. He feels as though he had dropped backward into an immensely thick and soft feather-bed."

WHAT THE AMERICANS SEEK IN EUROPE.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

As usual at this season, the American wave is breaking over Europe. The annual pilgrimage of tourists from beyond the seas has once more returned to the sacred sources of European history. The pilgrims disembark

date. They must, therefore, hurry on as much as possible. Under the pressure of this time limit the American who visits Europe has learnt to acquire a sort of ubiquity. He arranges the most ingenious combinations of trains so as to economise his days; he is in motion from morning to night, hardly allowing himself time to eat or sleep. He visits whole towns in three or four hours, giving only a few minutes to each church, palace, and museum, but neglecting nothing. Europeans cannot imagine what an American pressed for time is capable of seeing during a fortnight in Europe. But what fatigue! I have seen some of these tourists on their return from one of these mad expeditions completely worn out.

How many of us would consent to suffer in this way in order to visit, not America, but the most celebrated countries of our continent—those where centuries have amassed inestimable treasures? I remember being asked my impressions one day in New York on the social life of America. "It is very brilliant," I replied, "but it seems to me that your way of amusing yourselves is different from ours. In Europe we go to a dinner or a reception or a tea party with the nonchalance of people who wish and hope to amuse themselves, even if they are not sure of it or hardly expect to do so. Here it always seems, even in your social life, as if you were soldiers going into battle. The receptions, fêtes, and dinners appear to be duties which one wishes may prove agreeable, even when they are not, and which one must go through good-humouredly even when one would like to send the whole thing to the devil."

I am tempted to say that it is the same thing with the journeys which Americans make in Europe. They consider them as a kind of duty, to accomplish which they submit with great good-humour to sacrifices which would disgust us with even the most marvellous country. The pleasure of these beautiful things is always made complete for them by the satisfaction of a duty accomplished, sometimes at the cost of painful effort.

What, then, is the secret attraction which urges these millions of pilgrims along the often inconvenient roads of the Old World—which causes them to visit, rapidly but with unction, the sacred places of a beauty which has frequently become somewhat unintelligible for the men of our time? Must one seek that attractive force in the sumptuous inheritance of our manifold pasts—in the treasures which make living museums of so many European cities?

Yes, undoubtedly. But all the beautiful things which one can still, and despite everything, admire in old Europe, and which so much attract Americans, are in their turn only different manifestations of a more hidden divinity which forms the great attraction of Mother Europe for her young daughters of the New World. It is an aging divinity, whose twilight began in Europe also a century ago, but which is still sufficiently

powerful to fascinate even our generation, which is called upon to destroy it. That divinity is called Variety.

That great marvel, the dazzling surprise for a son of the New World who comes to Europe, is finding himself in a continent where, thanks to the railway, he can see everything about him changed in the space of twenty-four or thirty-six hours—language, race, religion, political institutions, cookery, manners, climate, the appearance of the towns, the character of the monuments, art, and social life. From Athens to Rome, from Rome to Paris, from Paris to Madrid, from Madrid to London, from London to Brussels, from Brussels to Berlin, from Berlin to Vienna, from Vienna to Prague, from Prague to Warsaw, from Warsaw to Stockholm, to Oslo, and to Copenhagen—if the root of civilisation is the same, the forms developed by that common sap are prodigiously varied.

Add to this that, if European countries differ from one another, each country presents in its turn a greater or less variety of historical layers superimposed on it. What remains in each country of the

eighteenth century is very different from what remains of the sixteenth century, of the Middle Ages, or of ancient times. In Italy, on a little territory of 300,000 square kilometres, there are at least ten regions, of which each has been, from the twelfth century up to the time of the French Revolution, a complete original world, living and developing itself according to its own laws. Italy, with its regional varieties remaining intact, is a miniature and condensed picture of Europe, and the unique wonder of the whole world, in which one can see of what the human race is capable. If it is possible to see from a railway train everything changed on the face of Europe in twenty-four hours, in Italy two or three hours are sufficient. From Venice to Milan, from Milan to Bologna, from Bologna to Florence, from Florence to Rome, from Rome to Naples, from Naples to Palermo, the creative genius of the locality has taken different forms.

Those who have travelled in the two Americas can understand the fascination which this variety possesses for those who come from overseas.

The New World is characterised by monotonous grandeur. Whether they be large or small, the towns are all alike and built on the same plan. Only a few immense metropolises like New York, Buenos Ayres, or Rio de Janeiro are exceptions to this rule. The various regions differ only in climate and natural surroundings; the men and society are everywhere the same. The variety of race and language, though fed continually by immigration, disappears in the second generation, which leaves school talking Spanish or English, and having all the same ideas and the same tastes. Even the difference of social classes is much less than in Europe, especially in North America, for the rich live with much greater simplicity and the people with much greater luxury.

Religion alone seems to be an exception to this rule in North America, for it is infinitely diversified. In New York, for instance, there is such an abundance of various churches of all confessions of faith—synagogues, Roman Catholic, Greek, Protestant—that one might imagine oneself to be in a museum for the history of religions. But the sects and cults seem only to multiply in order to amalgamate. The spirit of theological rivalry, which is so keen in Europe, seems to weaken when it crosses the Atlantic into a kind of moral fraternisation, which is almost incomprehensible for us, and is yet again a form of uniformity. I was even assured that in North America there were churches which serve, according to the days of the week, for different denominations.—[Continued on page 36.]



SALVED BY FISHERMEN FROM DEEP WATER WHERE "MARATHON LOOKS ON THE SEA": AN ANCIENT BRONZE STATUE (4 FT. 3 IN. HIGH), A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE BEST PERIOD OF GREEK ART.

This fine bronze statue of a boy was recently raised from the bottom of the sea near Marathon, at a depth of about twenty fathoms, by a party of refugee fishermen, and has been placed in the National Museum at Athens. It is regarded as a good example of Greek art at its best period and is estimated to date from about 400 B.C. In style it recalls the school of Praxiteles. The figure, which is intact save for part of one foot, is 4 ft. 3 in. high, and weighs 170 lb. It is thought to be a relic from a shipwreck, or to have been thrown overboard from a ship during a storm.

in all the ports of the Atlantic, of the North Sea, or the Mediterranean, and they swarm in all directions. The railways, hotels, theatres, and museums are full of them. One might think one were in Broadway on certain days in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence.

Europe, which sees them pass by with indifference, and sometimes with a smile, has no idea what sacrifices are made by many of these tourists in order to accomplish a journey to Europe. In general, an American represents a multi-millionaire to our minds. But all Americans are not multi-millionaires, or even millionaires. In that immense crowd of tourists the rich ones—who cross the Atlantic in state cabins, who roll through Europe in powerful motor-cars, who stay at first-class hotels, leaving extensive traces of their passage at the jewellers', the dressmakers', and the antiquity shops—are only a small minority.

Many persons of medium condition take part in this migration—employees, professors, people with small fixed incomes, lawyers and doctors, for whom this lay pilgrimage to the beauties of old Europe is not a pure joy devoid of sacrifice. After a period of patient economy has enabled them to save the necessary money for the journey, these meritorious pilgrims cross the ocean on crowded boats; they travel first or second class; they stay at modest hotels, where sometimes they must deprive themselves of comforts to which they are accustomed; and they have no mercy for their bodies or their minds. Europe is big and time is short. Their country and their work are waiting for them over there at a fixed



A SAINT'S SKULL MOUNTED IN A SILVER CUP: A CURIOUS RELIC (DATED 1609) TO BE INCLUDED IN THE COOK SALE.

This remarkable cup is an item in the art-collection formed by the late Sir Francis Cook, which is to be sold at Christie's on July 7. It bears the Munich hall-mark. The bowl is formed of part of a human skull (to which the finger in the photograph points) with a lining of silver-gilt. Round the lip is a German inscription, which translated reads: "The worthy (father) in God, Leonard, Abbot of the good monastery of Schafflarn, had this skull of Saint Nantwein mounted in silver in the year 1609."—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

PROBABLY 2500 YEARS OLD: A UNIQUE HITTITE DRINKING-HORN.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MR. LEONARD C. WOOLLEY AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



WITH HORN OF SILVER AND BULL-HANDLE OF GOLD: A MAGNIFICENT RHYTON FOUND AT MARASH (PROBABLY 7TH CENT. B.C.)

"This magnificent rython or drinking-horn," writes Mr. C. Leonard Woolley on a later page of this number, "was found at Marash in Anatolia, the site of an ancient Hittite city. The horn itself is of silver, the bull which supports it is of beaten gold.

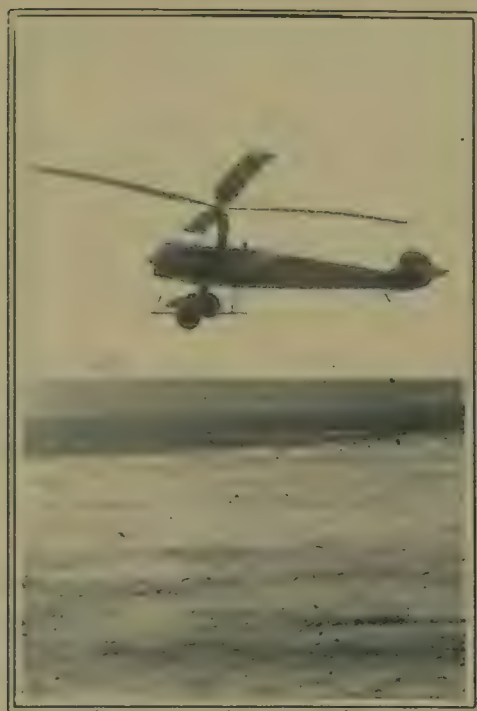
It stands 8½ in. high. . . . Our ignorance of Anatolian art makes any verdict dangerous, but probably the cup is the work of a local goldsmith living in the seventh or sixth century B.C., when Assyrian influence predominated." It is now in the British Museum.

MASTERPIECES IN THE NATION'S TREASURES OF SCULPTURE



FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, L.N.A., J. C. ERWIN, STANLEY H. NICHOLLS, AND PHOTOFRESS.



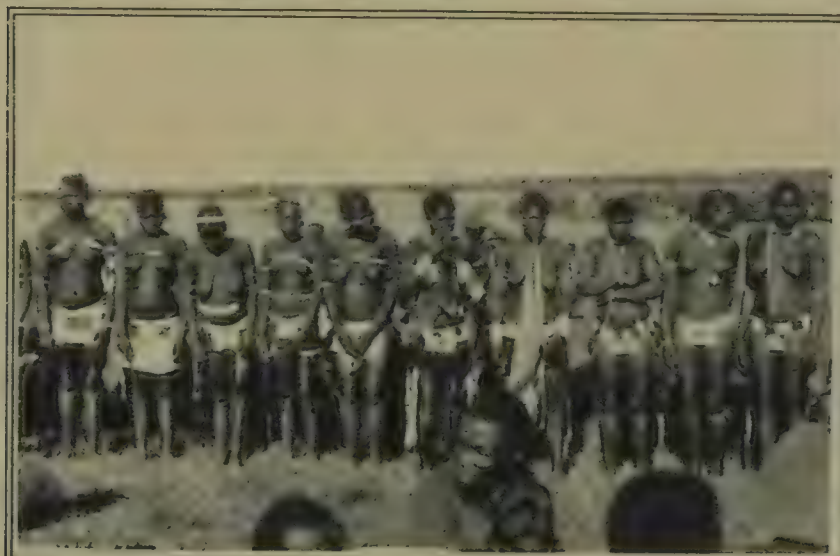
RECENTLY TESTED BEFORE KING ALFONSO: A NEW SPANISH HELICOPTER AEROPLANE WHICH ASCENDS AND DESCENDS VERTICALLY.



PIONEERING A SEINE-THAMES AIR-PASSENGER SERVICE: A SHRECK AMPHIBIAN ARRIVES AT ITS MOORINGS OFF HAMMERSMITH.



THE KING UNLOCKS THE DOOR OF CANADA'S NEW OFFICES IN LONDON: THEIR MAJESTIES ARRIVING AT THE ENTRANCE.



ASSEMBLED TO DANCE BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES: A PICTURESQUE GROUP OF ZULU MAIDENS, WHO DANCED AFTER THE GREAT INDABA AT ESHOWE.



A CONTRAST IN COSTUME: TWO OF THE EIGHTY ZULU CHIEFS AT THE GREAT INDABA HELD AT ESHOWE TO GREET THE PRINCE OF WALES.



DURBAN'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING A NAVAL CONTINGENT MARCHING PAST THE Dais (WHERE THE PRINCE STOOD) IN FRONT OF THE TOWN HALL.

A new Spanish helicopter aeroplane, which ascends and descends vertically, made a trial flight recently at a military aerodrome in Spain in the presence of King Alfonso.—On June 30 a Shreck amphibian passenger aeroplane, which had started from the Seine in Paris, "landed" on the Thames near Hammersmith Bridge, and the crew of three alighted. Later they flew to Croydon. The flight was made to test the possibilities of a Seine-Thames passenger air service.—The King, accompanied by the Queen, opened the Canadian Government's new offices in Trafalgar Square on June 29. Among those present were



CELEBRATING THE SIXTEENTH CENTENARY OF THE COUNCIL OF NICAË: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND CANON CARNEGIE WITH BISHOPS AND PATRIARCHS OF THE EASTERN CHURCHES AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Mr. Peter Larkin, the High Commissioner of Canada, and Mr. Septimus Warwick, the architect.—The Prince of Wales arrived at Durban on June 3. On the 5th he reached Eshowe, in Zululand, and on the 7th attended there a great native *indaba*, or gathering of chiefs, followed by a review of Zulu warriors and native dancers. There were some 8000 performers, including many women.—The sixteenth centenary of the Council of Nicaea was commemorated in Westminster Abbey on June 29. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave an address, and a number of Eastern Orthodox prelates were present.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, ROUGH, MANUEL, VANDYK, SPORT AND GENERAL, I.B., CENTRAL PRESS, AND HILLS AND SAUNDERS (OXFORD).



PUBLIC ORATOR OF OXFORD: THE LATE MR. A. D. GODLEY.



WINNERS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CUP AT THE HORSE SHOW: THE ITALIAN TEAM (L. TO R.) MAJOR TAPPI, LIEUT. LEQUIO, AND LIEUT. CACCIANDRA.



MADE A G.B.E.: M. PADEREWSKI, THE POLISH PIANIST AND PATRIOT.



LEADER OF THE REVOLUTION IN GREECE: GENERAL PANGALOS.



RECORDER OF LONDON FOR 22 YEARS: THE LATE SIR FORREST FULTON, K.C.



DEFEATED BY THE CROWD IN THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MACDONALD SMITH (LAKEVILLE, U.S.A.).



THROWN AND INJURED IN THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX: DONOGHUE, ON AQUATINTE II., ON THE WAY TO THE STARTING-POST.



AMERICA AGAIN CARRIES OFF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: JIM BARNES (U.S.A.), THE NEW CHAMPION.



THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE PRIME MINISTER AT OXFORD FOR THE QUATERCENTENARY OF CHRIST CHURCH: A GROUP INCLUDING THEIR MAJESTIES, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (SIXTH FROM LEFT, STANDING), MR. BALDWIN (SECOND FROM RIGHT, SEATED), AND MRS. BALDWIN (EXTREME RIGHT, STANDING).

The King and Queen on June 24 attended a garden party at Christ Church, Oxford, and a Founders' Service in the cathedral, in celebration of the 400th anniversary of Wolsey's foundation of the college. A photograph taken in the Deanery garden included, besides their Majesties, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, and the Dean of Christ Church and Mrs. White.—Mr. A. D. Godley, who had been Public Orator at Oxford since 1910, was famous as a wit, parodist, and classical scholar. He edited the "Oxford Magazine" and, later, the "Classical Review," and published much

delightful humorous verse.—General Pangalos, who headed the bloodless revolution in Athens, took office as Prime Minister of Greece and Minister of War.—M. Paderewski was received recently by the King, who conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire for his services to the British Legion.—Sir Forrest Fulton was Recorder of the City of London from 1900 to 1922, when he retired. He was previously Common Serjeant.—In the Open Golf Championship Jim Barnes was first with a score of 300. Macdonald Smith was fourth with 303.—Steve Donoghue dislocated his shoulder when his horse and two others fell in the Grand Prix at Longchamp on June 23.

A "GLOVE" FIGHT ABOUT PSYCHICS: THE KEITH-CONAN DOYLE DISPUTE.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY COURTESY OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE; NO. 2 BY ALFIERI; NOS. 3 AND 4 FROM A MODEL SUPPLIED BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH.



1. SAID TO BE "FROM AN ECTOPLASMIC FIGURE": PHOTOGRAPHS OF A WAX GLOVE (RIGHT) AND PLASTER CAST OF THE INTERIOR (LEFT) TAKEN BY PROFESSOR RICHEL AND OTHERS IN PARIS.

AN interesting controversy on the subject of spiritualism has recently been conducted, in the pages of the "Morning Post," between Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, of "Sherlock Holmes" fame, and prominent as an exponent of psychic phenomena, and Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S., the distinguished anatomist and anthropologist, who is Conservator of the Museum and Hunterian Professor at the Royal College of Surgeons. As evidence for spiritualism, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle produced some "gloves" alleged to have been made, at séances, by materialised "spirit" hands dipped into paraffin wax. An example is shown in the photograph he supplies (Illustration No. 1 on this page), and by way of title for it he sends us the following note: "Photographs of wax glove (on right) and plaster cast of interior of glove (left), taken by Dr. Giley, Professor Chas. Richet, and the Count de Grammont from an ectoplasmic figure at the Laboratory of the Institut Metapsychique in Paris. These were quoted in evidence by Sir A. Conan Doyle in his recent controversy with Sir Arthur Keith in the 'Morning Post.'" The right-hand glove has the thumb crossed over the palm, and it is contended

Continued in Box 2.



2. SAID TO HAVE BEEN OBTAINED FROM MATERIALISED SPIRIT HANDS: WAX GLOVES SHOWN AT A RECENT EXHIBITION OF OBJECTS OF PSYCHIC INTEREST AT CAXTON HALL.



3. PRODUCED IN THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS LABORATORY WITHOUT SUPERNATURAL AID: A SCIENTIFIC "SPIRIT GLOVE."

Continued.]

the 'Revue Metapsychique,' in which a full account is given of the séances at which these gloves put in their first appearance. So much did I benefit from the account published that I, who am only a clumsy manipulator, was able, with less than half-an-hour's practice, to produce 'gloves' which were 'psychic' in every respect, except in their manner of origin. I made the same preparations as were provided for the 'medium' at these séances. Three pounds of paraffin wax, of a kind which melts a few degrees above blood heat (quantities of this material are used in anatomical and physiological laboratories), was poured into a vessel. This vessel had been half-filled with water heated to as high a point as the human hand could tolerate in comfort. The molten wax floats on the water and remains liquid. When the hand is dipped into the vessel it passes through the wax into the water, and when brought out is coated with a thin glove of wax; by re-dipping several times the glove can be brought to any degree of stoutness. The glove is not difficult to dislodge from the hand; the manipulator waits until the paraffin glove is almost set, when a sharp swing or two of the

[Continued below]



4. MADE BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH FROM PARAFFIN WAX, SIMILAR TO THAT PROVIDED FOR THE "SPIRIT": THE PALM OF THE SCIENTIFIC GLOVE, WITH THUMB BENT IN.

Continued.]

that the hand could not be withdrawn without fracturing the glove, save by dematerialisation." As a criticism on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's theory of the "spirit" origin of these gloves, Sir Arthur Keith has written the following article specially for this paper:

A NOTE ON SPIRIT GLOVES.

"In the course of a recent correspondence in the pages of the 'Morning Post,' Sir Arthur Conan Doyle brought forward certain 'gloves' in support of the belief that spirits not only exist, but at certain times assume a material form. The gloves in question 'materialised' during séances held towards the end of 1920 in the laboratory of the famous French physiologist, Professor Richet. In the course of five séances, nine of these 'gloves' made their appearance, the average time taken to produce a glove being twenty minutes. At the time of the correspondence in the 'Morning Post,' I had seen only two specimens—both from the left hand of the same 'spirit.' An examination convinced me that both had materialised upon a living fleshy hand, which possessed all the attributes of modern humanity. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle very courteously sent me

[Continued in Box 3.]

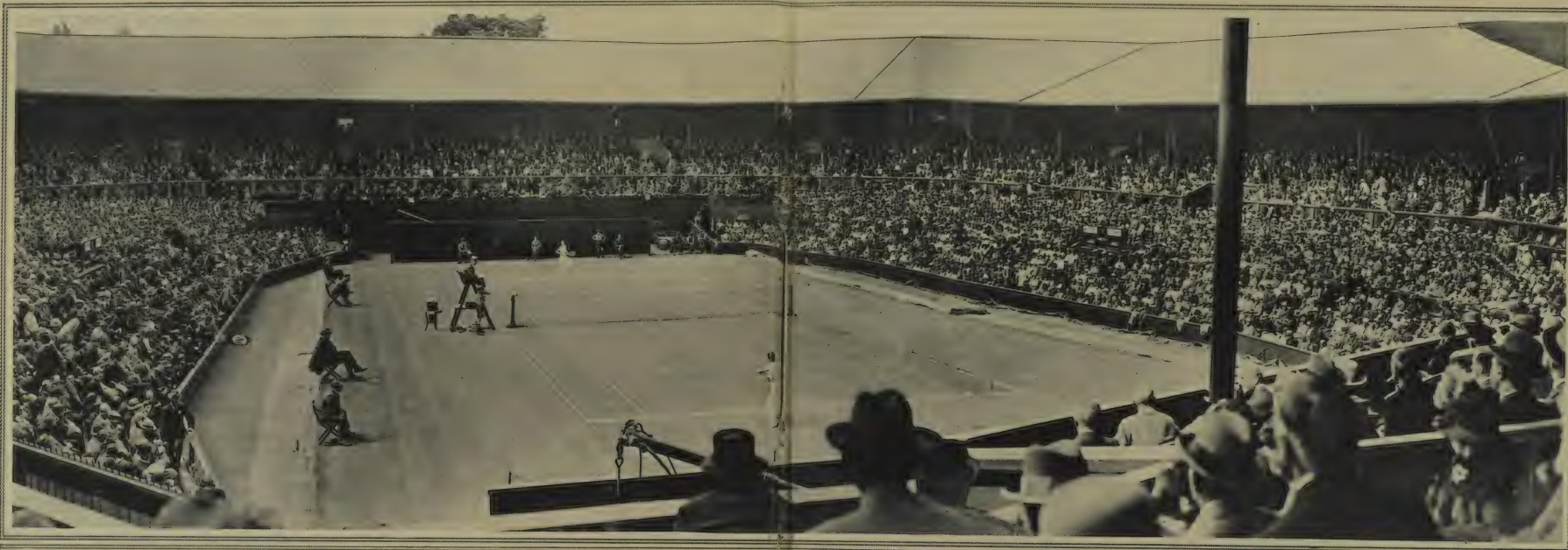
Continued.]

arm brings it off intact. At the séances in Paris the paraffin vessel was always placed within easy reach of the medium. The experiments were conducted in semi-darkness. When a glove arrived and lights were turned up, the medium's sleeves and trousers were invariably found to be spotted with blobs of congealed paraffin; the floor and table between the medium and the paraffin vessel, were bespattered with the same substance. In the opinion of those who participated in the séance, the 'spirit' had spilt this trail of paraffin blobs in the act of materialisation. All present heard a distinct 'plomp' in the

vessel before the gloves materialised. It is true the medium's hands were supposed to be held, but it might be possible for a medium to free his own hands by slipping those of the 'watchers' into each other, and take them up again as soon as the gloves congealed. Thus there are two theories concerning the origin of these gloves. In the opinion of my friend Sir Arthur Conan Doyle they are produced by a materialised spirit; in my opinion they are produced in some such manner as indicated above, but whether by a conscious or an unconscious effort, I leave undecided."

A MAGNET FOR THE BIGGEST CROWDS AND THE MOST FAMOUS PLAYERS: THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "TIMES," BASSANO, I.P.A., C.N., P.I.C. S. AND G., AND L.N.A.



THE BIG "GALLERY," HEADED BY THE KING AND QUEEN, WATCH THE SINGLE BETWEEN Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN AND MISS RYAN (FOREGROUND): THE FAMOUS CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON DURING A BIG MATCH.



MME. BILLOUT.



J. BOROTRA.



S. M. JACOB.



J. O. ANDERSON.



J. BRUGNON.



J. WASHER.



MISS K. MCKANE.



MISS JOAN FRY.

The Lawn-Tennis Championship Meeting upon the lawns of the All-England Club—to use the official title of the great Wimbledon Lawn-Tennis Meeting—is the most famous gathering of lawn-tennis experts in the world. It draws the greatest crowds of spectators and acts as a magnet to players from every quarter of the globe. The big arena of the Centre Court was packed throughout the event, and long queues assembled daily in order to gain admittance; while the lesser courts outside the great stadium (including Court No. 1, which has a stand of its own for spectators) were also furnished with a good number of watchers each day. The King and Queen occupied the Royal Box (which is shown on the extreme right of our photograph of the Centre

Court) during the match between the formidable French girl, Suzanne Lenglen, and Miss Ryan, the Californian player, which resulted in an easy win for Mlle. Lenglen. The play in the Ladies' Singles this year was rendered of special interest owing to Mlle. Lenglen's return. None of the visiting Australian ladies reached the semi-finals; but Mme. Billout, the French lady player who beat Mrs. Lycett; and Miss Joan Fry, the young English girl who has improved so much in her game this year, were among the last four.—J. O. Anderson, the Australian champion; J. Borotra, the very active young Frenchman; J. Washer, the well-known Belgian; S. M. Jacob, and J. Brugnon are among the players who drew the "biggest houses" for their matches.

"AMONG THE WONDERS OF HISTORY": THE CENTENARY OF RAILWAYS CELEBRATED AT THE PLACE OF THEIR BIRTH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, THE "NORTHERN ECHO"

(DARLINGTON), TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND PHOTOFREES.



OLD STONE SLEEPERS AT BRUSSELTON: A RELIC OF THE FIRST PASSENGER RAILWAY, OPENED IN 1825 BETWEEN DARLINGTON AND STOCKTON.



HOW THE "IRON ROAD" WAS FIRST LAID: ONE OF THE EARLIEST RAILS, SUPPORTED ON STONE CHAIRS, USED ON THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON LINE IN 1825.



DRAWN BY A HORSE, WHICH ENTERED THE "DANDY" (AS IN DIAGRAM, ON REACHING THE TOP OF AN INCLINE, TO RIDE DOWN THE OTHER SIDE: A "DANDY" CART AND COAL-TRUCK AS USED 100 YEARS AGO.



SHOWING THE ALARM BELL (FOR COMMUNICATION BETWEEN PASSENGERS AND GUARD) AND THE BRAKE-WHEEL: AN EARLY GUARD'S VAN.



INVENTED IN 1840: THE ORIGINAL TICKET-DATING PRESS, SHOWN IN THE EXHIBITION AT FAVERDALE WORKS, DARLINGTON.



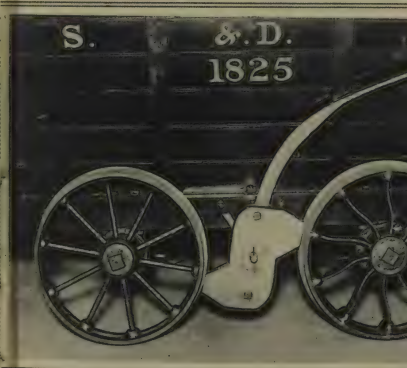
WITH THE GUARD ON A "BOX SEAT," AND FOOT-BRAKES: A 1st AND 2nd CLASS COACH USED ON THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY IN 1843, LUGGAGE BEING CARRIED ON THE ROOF.



SHOWING THE FIRST "BOOKING OFFICE" (RIGHT) WHERE THE FIRST TICKET WAS ISSUED: A POINT AT STOCKTON WHERE THE FIRST LENGTH OF LINE WAS LAID.



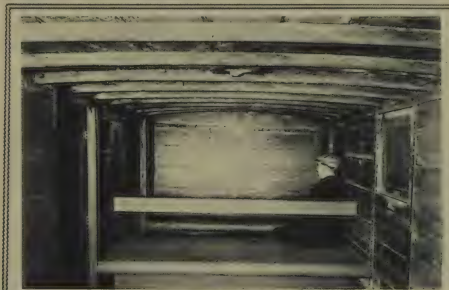
SHOWN IN THE EXHIBITION AT DARLINGTON: OLD SIGNALS OF VARIOUS TYPES USED UNTIL THE INTRODUCTION OF THE SEMAPHORE SYSTEM.



THE BRAKE ON THE ORIGINAL "CHALDRON" WAGONS: SHOWING HOW A HAND-LEVER APPLIED THE BLOCK TO BOTH WHEELS AT ONCE.



A HORSE-DRAWN RAILWAY CARRIAGE USED BEFORE THE ADOPTION OF STEAM LOCOMOTIVES: THE ORIGINAL "PORT CARLISLE" DANDY COACH.



WITH A BEAM ACROSS FOR PASSENGERS TO SIT BACK TO BACK: THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE EARLIEST THIRD-CLASS COACHES.



ONE OF THE FIRST TYPES OF SIGNAL LAMPS: THE METHOD OF RAISING A SLIDE FROM THE LAMP; AND THE PRIMITIVE OIL-LAMP (HELD IN THE HAND) THAT WAS USED.

Railways were born in England a hundred years ago. The actual "date of birth" was September 27, 1825, when the world's first locomotive-driven passenger train, carrying 450 passengers, made the pioneer journey of twenty-six miles between Darlington and Stockton. After this trial trip, eight years elapsed before passengers were again carried on that line, and it was not until 1830 that a regular system of passenger traffic was inaugurated on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Queen Victoria made her first train journey, from Windsor to Paddington, in 1842. The celebration of the Centenary of Railways was fixed for July 1 and 2 (instead of on the actual centenary date, September 27), to afford an opportunity of being present to the 800 delegates (representing over thirty different countries) who attended the tenth International Railway Congress, opened by the Duke of York, on June 22, at the Institution of Civil Engineers in London. The delegates were also entertained at the Crystal Palace by the Railway Companies' Association of Great

Britain. The Duke of York, in opening the Congress, said: "I welcome to England, the birthplace of railways, the delegates who have come from all parts of the world to attend this congress. This is an historic occasion. One hundred years ago the first railway in the world—the Stockton and Darlington—was opened in this country. . . . To England belongs the honour of setting an example of progress which other countries were not slow to follow. The development of railway systems in Europe and the opening up of the vast American continent by railway enterprise are among the wonders of history." The Duke of York also arranged to open, on July 1, the first day of the Centenary celebrations, in the Faverdale Wagon Works of the L.N.E.R. at Darlington, the exhibition of historical railway relics. For July 2 was arranged a six-mile long procession of ancient and modern locomotives over part of the old line, and for July 3 a luncheon to be given by the L.N.E.R. to the Congress delegates. Photographs of old locomotives appear on page 28.

THE RAILWAY CENTENARY: "ANCESTORS" OF THE MODERN LOCOMOTIVE.

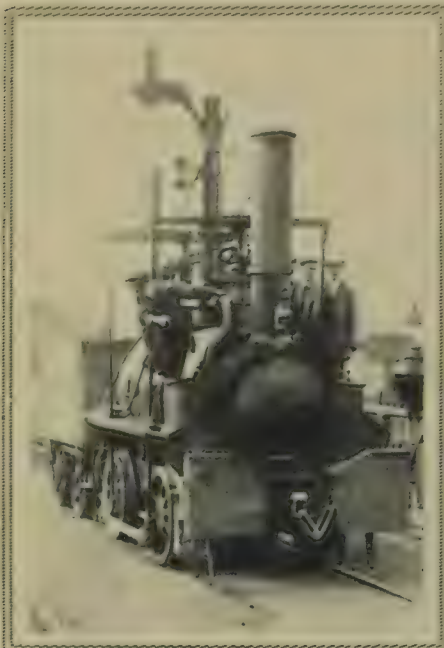
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, THE "NORTHERN ECHO" (DARLINGTON), TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



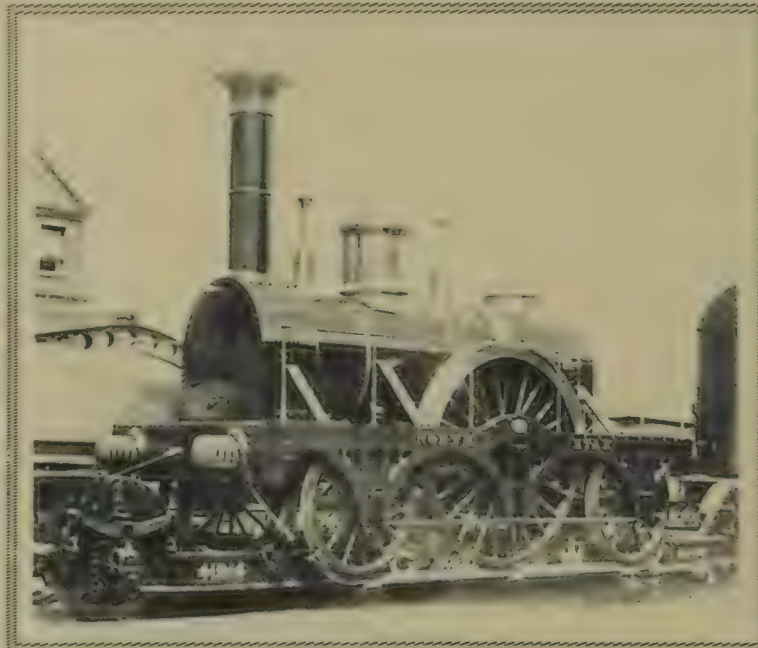
BUILT BY GEORGE STEPHENSON, THE "FATHER" OF RAILWAYS, IN 1825: "PUFFING BILLY," ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF EARLY LOCOMOTIVES.



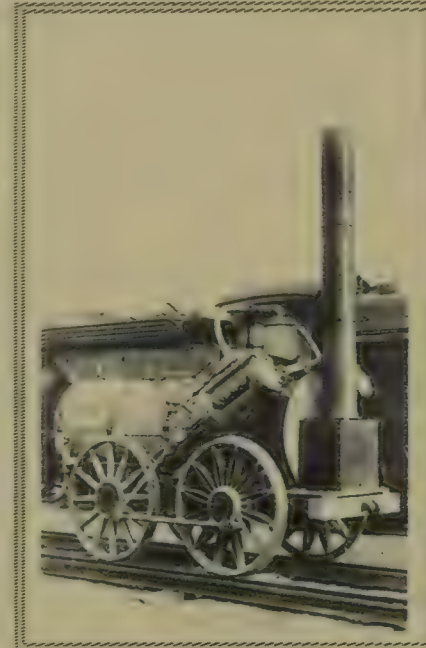
BUILT IN 1845 FOR THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY: THE "DERWENT," INCLUDED IN THE CENTENARY PROCESSION OF ANCIENT AND MODERN LOCOMOTIVES.



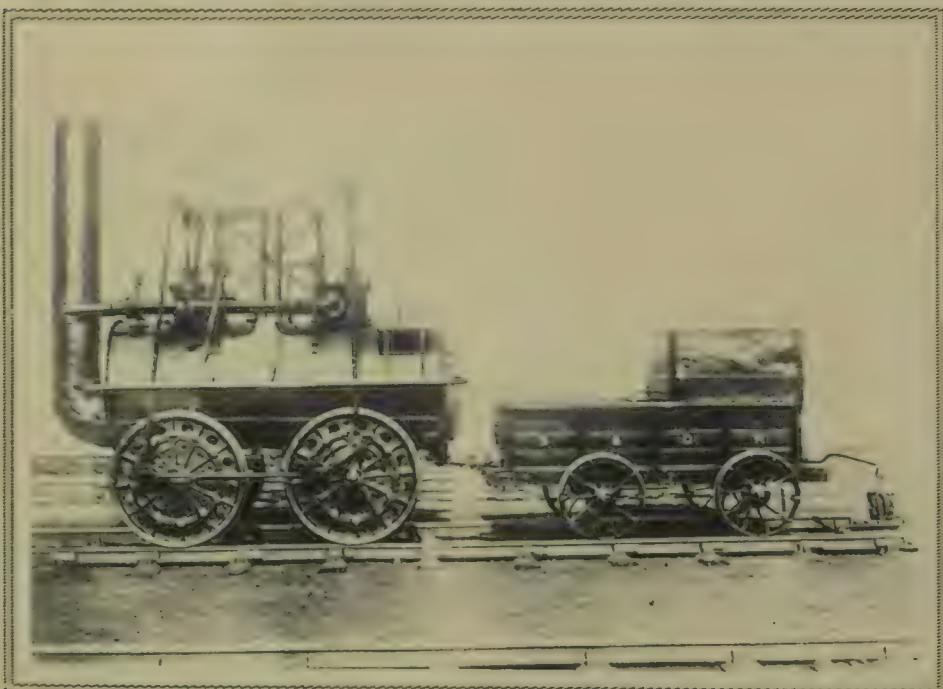
BUILT IN 1822 BY GEORGE STEPHENSON AND NICHOLAS WOOD: THE HETTON COLLIERY LOCOMOTIVE.



INCLUDED IN THE PROCESSION: THE "NORTH STAR," A MODEL OF STEPHENSON'S ORIGINAL BUILT IN 1837 AND USED ON THE G.W.R. (BROAD GAUGE) TILL 1870.



BUILT IN 1830: THE "INVICTA," A LOCOMOTIVE USED ON THE CANTERBURY AND WHITSTABLE LINE.



USED IN THE CENTENARY PROCESSION HAULING A REPLICA OF THE ORIGINAL TRAIN IT DREW AT THE OPENING OF THE STOCKTON-DARLINGTON RAILWAY IN 1825: "LOCOMOTION NO. 1."



STEPHENSON'S "ROCKET": A RECONSTRUCTION OF HIS FAMOUS LOCOMOTIVE, BUILT IN 1829, WHICH WON THE RACE THEN HELD AT LIVERPOOL TO DETERMINE THE BEST TYPE.

In the celebrations of the Railway Centenary at Darlington and Stockton, the great event arranged for the second day (July 2) was a procession, some six miles long, of ancient and modern locomotives and rolling stock over part of the old line. It included the "Locomotion No. 1" engine, built by George Stephenson, drawing a replica of the train which it hauled on September 27, 1825, at the opening of the Darlington and Stockton line, the pioneer of all passenger railways. We illustrate above this and other early locomotives, including several that actually figured in the centenary procession. The original of

Stephenson's "Rocket," it may be noted, is in the South Kensington Museum. It was built in 1829, and in that year won the historic race held at Liverpool to determine the best type of locomotive. The "North Star," which was recently reconstructed at Swindon for the procession, was built by Stephenson in 1837, and ran its first journey from Staines to Maidenhead, at thirty-seven miles an hour. It was originally intended for a foreign railway of a 6-ft. gauge, but was altered to suit the Great Western's broad gauge, and remained in traffic on that line until 1870.

FALLEN "LIKE A THUNDERBOLT" ON HIS PREY: THE EAGLE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY R. B. TALBOT KELLY, R.I.



"GOLDEN EAGLE."

A NOTABLE PICTURE IN MR. R. B. TALBOT KELLY'S NEW EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

Mr. R. B. Talbot Kelly, R.I., who is noted for his fine studies of bird life, is at present holding a new exhibition of his work at the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden. We reproduce here one of the most striking examples, a

water-colour drawing of a golden eagle grasping "with hooked hands" a young kid on which he has just swooped, "like a thunderbolt," as Tennyson put it. The full title of the picture is "Carion (Golden Eagle)."

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IN PARLIAMENT WITH A PENCIL: SKETCHES IN "THE HOUSE."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



THE PERSONAL SIDE OF PARLIAMENT: SKETCH-PORTRAITS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

This page forms the second instalment of the new series of sketch-portraits made by our special artist, Mr. Steven Spurrier, during debates in the House of Commons. The sketches here given have been made chiefly during the later debates on the Budget, which recently passed its Third Reading by 298 votes to 92. The only exception is the central sketch showing Mr. Austen Chamberlain replying to a question on China. In a note on his drawings Mr. Spurrier

says: "Stages of the Finance Bill were favoured with, one might say, extravagant changes of weather, from very hot to very cool. In the former it was noticeable that a hard fight to keep awake was evident during the debate. Whilst this was in progress one or two members wandered listlessly about clothed in linen. When it was cooler there was a sparkle and a bite about the speeches—a welcome relief."—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

NOEL COWARD ON HIS DEFENCE.—THE ELOQUENCE OF GESTURE.

NOEL COWARD, the plucky and precocious, three of whose plays have just been published by those benefactors of playwrights and play-students, Messrs. Benn, has a few mellow things to say in defence of the so-called unpleasant-

too true, and accounts for the narrow horizon of perception as well as for the peculiar crazes that infect a certain class of playgoers from time to time. We have just at present such a craze: everyone talks Pirandello—with long lingerings on the two "lls." They do not know why they do it, except that they are bidden to admire; they do not know what the Pirandello method means; they are most probably bored by his plays, but they go because it is the fashion—just as it is the fashion to shout about the unpleasantness of certain plays because a fraction of narrow-minded people have belled the cat of moral indignation—when there is really nothing to be indignant about, unless one tries to find that which the dramatist never sought to convey. Did not all England ring with horror and wrath in 1891 when "Ghosts"—now acknowledged as great tragedy and highly moral—was produced in London? And what happened? A quarter of a century later, in war-time, that same play, so flouted and branded before, was sent into soldiers' camps as a great moral influence and a warning.

Fortunately, and this Mr. Coward might have emphasised, the final verdict on the nature of plays lies, not with the people in the stalls and dress-circle, who are mainly sheer pleasure-seekers and sheep of a flock, but with the people who frequent the upper circle, the pit, and the gallery. These, mostly workers in the day-time, who love the drama, who study it, and apply a sound discrimination, are the backbone of public opinion. They would rise in protest, if really the stage were given over to pruriency and immorality. But they know life; they know that it is not all beer and skittles; that the seamy side exists, and has its right to be portrayed by the dramatist as well as the other side. From that quarter, which follows the current of the theatre minutely and assiduously, no complaint has been heard. And so long as their acquiescence prevails, there is no need for alarm as to "moral disintegration" of the drama. Let the barkers bark—after that things will go on as they went before.

It was during the Pirandello season; and the play was "Henry IV."—the Emperor of Germany who went to Canossa. I had read it, and, with the help of such Italian as I can understand, and of the actors, whose eloquence and gesticulation would seem miraculous to us did we not know that it is innate—even Italian babies are actors born—it came as easy to me as an English play. My neighbour was a journalist, and right at the start he said that he would be in for a thin time; he hinted darkly at possible forty winks during the afternoon, for, except the few words current in Soho, he had not a ghost of a notion of Italian. I watched him as the play proceeded, and his face was a study. At first he looked strained, not to say bewildered, as one in a maze. Gradually his expression became less strenuous; the sort of calm came over him that betokens understanding; he even smiled when something comic was uttered cogently underlined by gesture. As the play went on towards its tragic end, the enforced madness

of the man whom the world believed to be mad, and who had to keep up the impression, my neighbour was carried away. Strange, he said (as he briefly related the story to me and, like a Datas, asked me: "Is that right, Sir?"—and it was), "strange," he said, "I could not honestly say that I took in a single word, yet, except details of dialogue of course, the whole thing is absolutely clear to me; the gestures made me understand and follow the story and the characters."

To a certain extent it was my own experience: even with the play well fixed in memory, my ear could hardly grasp the words as they were gushing torrentially from the actors. Thus, naturally, much of the finish of Pirandello's style escaped me, yet I scarcely felt the gap: where the hearing was imperfect, the eye divined the meaning from the facial expression, and particularly from the unspoken language of hands and arms. These Italian actors have thus by nature a pictorial gift which, in its influence on the mood of the spectators, gives them a medium which our actors hardly possess, and could hardly be taught. Our players indulge in it in farce, and even then it often produces the effect of effort instead of spontaneity. But in more serious plays any insistence, any attempt to over-emphasise words by movements uncontrolled and at random, would seem beyond the picture, not to say ludicrous. The structure of English does not harmonise with constant and restless gesticulation. Generally, we prefer repose as a mark of distinction and breeding. Of course, there is gesticulation in all English acting; but it must not obtrude; it must be as discreet as the lesser instruments in an orchestra.

Only very few among our players please us by the ubiquity of their movements—Miss Marie Tempest is one; Mr. Seymour Hicks another. Theirs is the gift of the thumbnail. But let others try to imitate them, and the result is negative. What we accept with glee from the two elect, we should criticise as unnatural—above all, un-English—in those who try to do likewise and fail.

I hope that, if our actors witness these excellent Italian players, they will not attempt to emulate their gestures or their fluency, which would lead to the grotesque, and in utterance to inaudibility—a habit which is all too apparent in some play-



THE QUEEN OF "INFINITE VARIETY" AS A HEROINE OF MUSICAL COMEDY: CLEOPATRA (MISS EVELYN LAYE) AND HER ROMAN CENTURION LOVER, VICTORIAN SILVIUS (MR. ALEC FRASER), IN "CLEOPATRA," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

"Cleopatra," the new musical comedy at Daly's, with the fine singing of Miss Evelyn Laye to the tuneful music of Oscar Straus, has proved a very popular entertainment. Mr. Alec Fraser also sings and acts well as the Roman centurion who is lured by the siren of the Nile away from his true love, Charmian.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

ness of some of his themes. He hits the nail pat on the head when he says—

One of the most disheartening difficulties for sincere dramatists to overcome is the desire of the British public to be amused and not enlightened. The problem arises: is the theatre to be a medium of expression, setting forth various aspects of reality, or merely a place of relaxation where weary business men and women can witness a pleasing spectacle bearing no relation whatsoever to the hard facts of existence, and demanding no effort of concentration?

One hears on every side the petulant assertion that there is enough unpleasantness in real life without paying to be harrowed in the theatre. This attitude would be more consistent did it empty the Old Bailey during the more lurid cases, and diminish the sales of sensational Sunday newspapers.

Here, indeed, is a candid exposure of the mental approach to the theatre by our public. There is always an outcry when a dramatist deviates from the pleasantly vicious to the unpleasantly moral. I have rarely heard a protest—or anything more than a feeble one—when French bedroom farces attracted the public. Naughtiness, as the word goes, provokes a smile. Some say "tut, tut," but in their heart of hearts they enjoy it all the same. *Double entendre* is accepted as wit—although the wit is as bad as the French of this current expression. But let a writer dip into the drama of life in our midst, and treat seriously phases which the human ostrich believes to be non-existent, and up in arms are all the good moralists—the selfsame who see no harm in pleasantly "dangerous" farces à la Palais Royal. It is beyond an ordinary man's conception how this mental composition could be diagnosed. For, as Mr. Coward correctly says, these are the people who crowd the Old Bailey (and he might have added, the Divorce Court) and eagerly devour certain Sunday papers and the more or less verbatim reports in the dailies when a particularly scandalous case is being tried.

In a sense, Mr. Coward gauges the general mind of the public when he says that at least three-quarters of the English nation must be illiterate; otherwise the plethora of "second-rate" in every direction would not be tolerated. That is but



CANDLES AND HOT-WATER BOTTLES FOR TWO: (L. TO R.) BRIGGITA (MISS GLORY EDGAR), M. SEVERIN (MR. A. W. BASKCOMB), AND HIS WIFE, MELOUSINE (MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER), IN "CLO-CLO," THE MUSICAL PLAY AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

Mr. A. W. Baskcomb and Miss Sydney Fairbrother are very amusing, as the philandering old Mayor of Perpignan and his jealous wife, in "Clo-Clo," the new musical play at the Shaftesbury. The music, by Franz Lehar, is taking and lively. It includes two trios—"When a Man is Fifty-two," and "The Old Roof-Tree."—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

actors in London. On the other hand, a little more attention could be given to the art of gesticulation when young actors are being formed. Even our language becomes more penetrating when the word is mated to a gentle flexion of the body or the limbs.

BUCHANAN'S



From the original painting by Lynwood Palmer

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The World of Women

THE Marchesa della Torretta is one of the handsomest of our Diplomatic circle, and also she is very artistic, very musical, and very nice. The concert at the American Women's Club for the furtherance of the educational branch of the British-Italian League, at which she was present, was a charming one. Sir Rennell Rodd spoke, and Lady Rodd, looking very handsome in black with a pale mauve hat, was one of the large audience. Adèle Lady Meyer was there, wearing a black satin cloak and a wide-brimmed hat, the brim faced with pastel-pink. Mrs. Saxton Noble, in black with slight touches of pale gold, was looking distinguished. The music-room of this club is very ornate, and what for the purpose is more important, the acoustics are quite good.

There are not many important weddings to record; that between Major Breitmeyer and Miss Alfreda May Parsons was a pretty one. It took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, which grey, aged church was gay with blue, pink, rose, and white

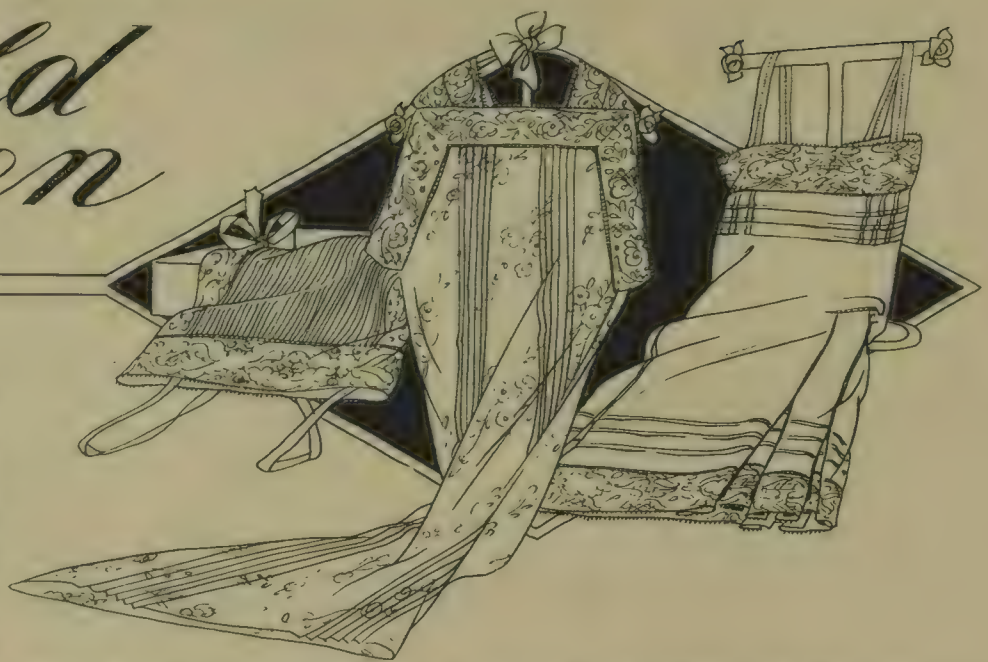
and Lady Colman were present. There was an inspection of the hospital and its fine equipment, and there was tea. It now accommodates eighty beds, and some extra can be arranged on the verandahs. It is bright and sunny—sun permitting—airy, and equipped in the latest way.

There are few prettier sights than a really big polo match, such as those recently played between the United States and our own Army teams. The stands were filled with people, the dresses of the women onlookers lending a gay elegance to the scene. The military band in the centre of the ground previous to the game, making an imposing patch of scarlet and gold, and numbers of bright red and bright yellow turbans on Indian grooms of the retinue of the Maharajah of Jodhpur and his younger brother, all helped to a charming ensemble. There were turbans on the stands too, but most of them white. The King's Indian Orderly officers wear European dress with white turbans, but there were some Indian Princes more elaborately turbaned, who watched without apparent enthusiasm. The first day, when the King and Queen were present, it was nice to see the whole of the members of the party stand for a group of photographers before taking their places. The Duke and Duchess of York are a happy-looking young couple. The Queen was keenly interested in the game. It must have pleased the American Ambassador and Mrs. Houghton to see their Majesties, the Duke and Duchess of York, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught applaud a good hit by one of their team as heartily as one on our side.

Mrs. Baldwin was lucky in the weather for her two very pleasant garden parties. They

were for the supporters of the Government in both Houses of Parliament. An unusual number of men were present, all wearing top hats. The Duchess of Atholl, M.P., and Viscountess Astor, M.P., were in black, as is their custom when in the House. The Governor-General of Northern Ireland was there—a tall and handsome man; and he was accompanied by the Duchess of Abercorn, in beige and brown foulard. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Mrs. Amery, and Dame Caroline Bridgeman were among the Ministers' wives present, and Mrs. Baldwin's four charming daughters, three of them married, helped her.

A bazaar which brought together a brilliant company of our brightest and our best was that at Grosvenor House organised by the Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery in aid of Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End at Stratford. The King and Queen sent a plentiful supply of flowers from Windsor Castle. The Greek Princesses Theodora and Margaret were there, not dressed alike, as they used to be. Princess Margaret wore a dark-brown fur-



Beautiful lingerie included in the sale at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. In the centre is a brocaded crêpe nightie; on the left, plissé georgette cami-knickers; and on the right, a Princess slip of crêpe-de-Chine, bordered with lace. (See page 38.)

trimmed coat, and a hat the same colour, over a pale brown dress. Princess Theodora was all in amber colour. The Duchess of Roxburghe was selling, looking very nice in a printed foulard dress, dull blue on an ivory ground, and wearing a brighter blue hat. The Duchess of Buccleuch came in to buy, and Katharine Duchess of Westminster brought a small grand-daughter. A fourth Grace was there the first of the three days, for the Duchess of Portland opened the bazaar. Lady Louis Mountbatten was greatly interested, and was there each day. Lady Pembroke and her sister, Lady Winifred Pennoyer, and her mother, Lady Alexander Paget, were all very busy, and there were numbers of pretty girls, married and unmarried. The Countess of Dalkeith, Viscountess Cranborne, Lady Avic Menzies, Mrs. Euan Wallace, Mrs. Keith Menzies, Miss Pamela Beckett, Lady Irene Pratt, Lady Moira Lyttelton, Mrs. Dudley Ward, and many more. The bazaar was, of course, a great success. A. E. L.



A graceful coat-frock of beige repp and printed crêpe-de-Chine, cut on tailored lines, which may be studied at Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W. (See page 38.)



A trio of holiday bargains to be secured at Gorrings', Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. The rompers on the left are built of strong casement cloth bordered with gay pictures from Dean's Rag Books; the smock and knickers of white haircord, and the striped suit of cotton gabardine specially designed for strenuous hours on the beach. (See page 38.)

hydrangeas. The bride, a pretty, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, is the elder daughter of the late Major-General Sir Charles Parsons. The bridegroom, who is in the 7th Hussars and has the M.C., is the eldest son of Mr. L. Breitmeyer, who is an important figure in the diamond industry in South Africa and very wealthy. There was a dame d'honneur in the person of the bride's married sister, Mrs. Kershaw, wife of the chief usher at the ceremony, Lieutenant-Commander Kershaw. There were two wee bridesmaids and a tiny page, son of Major and Lady Susan Birch.

Sir John Bland-Sutton, in opening an important extension to the East Surrey Hospital, said that, apart from the great usefulness of such institutions in their own districts, it was a most important matter to decentralise the work of hospitals from London. There were, he said, waiting lists of months at many Metropolitan hospitals. The opening was a very pleasant little ceremony, at which Sir Jeremiah Colman, a generous supporter of the institution, presided and spoke, and at which Lady Bland-Sutton



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WHAT THE AMERICANS SEEK IN EUROPE.

(Continued from Page 18.)

The great prestige of Europe, therefore, is bound up with the prodigious variety of her old civilisation. But Variety is also in Europe a moribund divinity. Her twilight began more than a century ago. More and more that variety which attracts the Americans towards the Old World withdraws itself even with us from active life, and takes refuge in the museums and monuments of the past. Uniformity is one of the characteristics of our quantitative epoch. It is laid bare for all eyes to see in America, where modern civilisation has been developed on soil which was almost virgin; but it is also visible in Europe, though remnants of various preceding civilisations hide it a little. It is an inherent fault of modern civilisation, because it is a condition of industrial production, that monotonous grandeur is the price which we must pay for our riches and our power. We are rich, we are powerful, but we bore ourselves increasingly in a world which inclines more and more towards uniformity, and which is at the same time dull and agitated.

That is why we adore that divine variety in the past which we ruthlessly destroy in our daily lives. No generation before our own had in Europe such a religious respect for all vestiges of the past, just because those vestiges, with their qualitative perfection and their variety, reprobate the present in which we live and of which we are so proud. All Americans who come, having often made painful sacrifices in order to do so, to visit the beauties of European towns, thereby protest, without being aware of it, against the work which they are doing in their own country, and which they resume with desperate enthusiasm the moment they get back there.

It is one of the strangest and most profound contradictions of our time. It is to be found, however, under a different form, in the history of Europe in the last three centuries. The tendency towards unification hardly existed in Europe until the end of the eighteenth century. England and France were the only countries in which a serious effort was made to create political unity. In Germany and Italy and in the rest of Europe it was not even thought of. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries you will not find a single writer or statesman who considered the splitting up of the country into a number of states as an evil or a danger; Machiavelli's prepossessions on the subject remained isolated for nearly three centuries. In France, the effort made by the monarchy towards unification encountered obstinate resistance, which only allowed of the unification of France up to a certain point. The policy of the Treaty of Westphalia, on the contrary, which sought to maintain in Germany the forces which were opposed to the principle of unification, succeeded, because those forces were far more numerous and more active than the unifying forces. The "Westphalian" policy found solid support in Germany because it was working with the current.

After 1815 the situation was completely reversed. All the countries, especially those which, like Germany and Italy, had been most indifferent before, aspired towards unity. Poets, historians, philosophers, and statesmen considered the unification of their countries the supreme good; they worked together to prepare their country, each according to his means. Another strange contradiction: this unification of a country, which had cost the French Monarchy so painful an effort, now became a very easy operation. In Italy, as in Germany, one might say that unification was the work of one day. On the other hand, all reversions to the "Westphalia" policy failed.

How can one explain this difference? During the nineteenth century, a whole school of historians and politicians, especially in Italy and Germany, reproached the generations of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries with their indifference, and even hostility, to unification, as if it were a crime. But these reproaches were rather naïve. That horror of unification was a consequence of the variety and richness of local life, itself the fruit of the brilliant civilisation of the Middle Ages. It would perhaps not be arbitrary to say that that richness of local life and that infinitely varied sub-division of European civilisation were the "liberty" of the ancient régime. So many traditions, so many interests, were bound up with that form of liberty and the variety of civilisation which was its result, that the world remained attached to it long after this political and social fragmentariness had begun to be an obstacle to the development and the power of States.

After the French Revolution all was changed. The Revolution and the wars which it engendered destroyed the greater part of those local traditions and institutions. The deep source of European liberty, which had already been attacked by the new tendencies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was dried up. The effect of this destruction was to make a kind of internal void in all countries, by which unification became at once necessary and easy. After so many centuries of partition and variety, Europe entered upon a new epoch of great uniform agglomerations. On this ground, also, the great industrial development only finished and sometimes exaggerated the work which had been begun by the French Revolution.

But, as gradually the deep spring of European variety dries up, we turn with growing respect towards what remains of that rich and glorious past. The contradiction is one of those which serve to save for us, in the midst of the stormy vicissitudes of our history, all the principles of life of which we have need in order to progress. That uniformity which has given us riches and power would end by suffocating us. It is necessary that the principle of variety should not dry up entirely; and the cult of the past, sometimes in contradiction with everyday reality, is one of the means of keeping it alive.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE new Air Mail service from Cape Town to Durban cuts down the time between these two points from forty-eight to eight hours. The whole journey of 950 miles is flown along a sparsely inhabited and mountainous coastal route, where difficult weather conditions usually prevail. As in the case of the Imperial Airway Service and the historic flights across the Atlantic and to Australia, Shell spirit has been selected for this epoch-making air-mail service.

Visitors to Wembley will appreciate the new "Official Guide" to the Exhibition, which, in its outward aspect and general style, is a great improvement on that supplied last year. It has a charming cover design in colour, and is printed on better paper, although the reproduction of the portraits and other photographs within still leaves something to be desired. The illustrations, however, are of less importance when the real thing is before our eyes, and the great value of the "Guide" lies in its well-written and classified description of the salient features of the Exhibition, and in the useful maps and plans. It also possesses that very desirable adjunct, an index. Every visitor to Wembley will find the "Guide," which costs only a shilling, an indispensable necessity.

Speaking of equality, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton has said that, though all men are not equally rich or equally fat, all men are equally funny. One might, indeed, take this a little further and say that all men are equally difficult to amuse—which is probably why the world's professional wits are among the most worried and unhappy-looking people alive. "Sporting and Dramatic Yarns," however, is what the racing people call a certainty, and if anyone can wander through this classic collection of really funny stories without at least one loud laugh to the page—if, then, anyone accomplishes this, he is either doing it for a wager or is devoid of a sense of humour. All the stories are gleaned from the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, which for many years has given a weekly humorous page entitled, "From Cocktails to Port," and Mr. R. J. B. Sellar, who as "The Shaker" contributes the feature to this widely-read journal, has collected the best of these stories and published them in book form.

Sporting Lore

LONDON.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1830.

JOHN DAY AND THE YOKEL.

Years ago, when New Forest pony racing rivalled Epsom, John Day, a then famous trainer, expected his far-famed Danebury pony to sweep the board at the next meeting.

En route to the course a loutish looking fellow, disguised in a butcher's apron, alighted from his ramshackle cart, addressing John thus: "Ax pardon, sir, I hope you won't take it amiss if I crave to run my pony again yourn." John Day, vastly amused and somewhat incensed, thought to nonplus the fellow by demanding a stake of £10. Much to his astonishment the £10 was forthcoming, and it was only after the famous Danebury had been beaten by twenty lengths that

John discovered his adversary to be a first-class jockey, and the pony the famous "Gulliver," one of the swiftest in the country.



A single trial develops an enduring preference for "Red Tape" Whisky over all other whiskies. The longer you know "Red Tape" quality the more you realise how much better it is than you ever anticipated—better even than your favourite, which you will cause it to replace.

"Red Tape"
REGD
The Whisky

Very old, and perfectly blended

If you do not know where to obtain it locally, send us your cheque for £7 16s. 0d. and we will forward a case of 12 bottles through our nearest Agents.

Obtainable from
The Victoria Wine Co., Ltd.,
12/20, Osborn St., E.1
and at all their branches.

Sole Proprietors:
BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS., LTD.,
68, Bath Street, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.



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1766**OF WALPOLES' FAMOUS
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2½ x 2½ **55/-**
2½ x 3 **66/-**
2½ x 3½ **77/-**
2½ x 4 **88/-**



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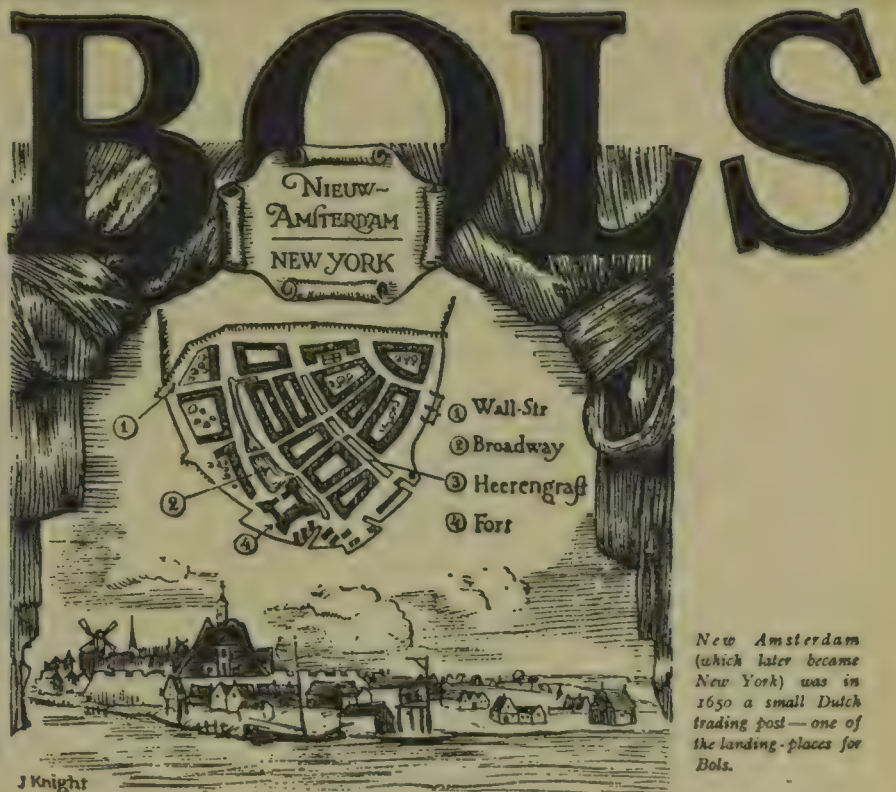
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108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8
175 & 176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



New Amsterdam
(which later became
New York) was in
1650 a small Dutch
trading post—one of
the landing-places for
Bols.

J Knight

THE Dutch colonists on the banks of the Hudson River brought good things from the old world to the new. Bols Gin was imported for their comfort, bringing back to their memory the good things left behind in the old country. **BOLS**

Besides Bols Very Old Gin and Dry Gin, the following are inimitable:—
Bols Kümmel, Orange Curaçao (Dry), White Curaçao (Triple Sec), Crème de Menthe, Maraschino, and Cherry Brandy.

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Corn Exchange Chambers, Seething Lane, E.C.3.

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WITHOUT CHANGE OF STEAMER

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ATLANTIC HOUSE, MOORGATE, E.C.2, AND
AMERICA HOUSE, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.1

Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham
and Southampton.

Fashions and Fancies.

For Two Weeks. Monday next marks the opening of the sale at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., which continues until July 18. Several notable



The charm of Nature in her most attractive mood has been achieved in this coiffure by Emile's successful process of permanent waving.

bargains in lingerie are pictured on page 34. The brocaded crêpe nightie is priced at 49s. 6d., the georgette camiknickers at 21s. 9d., and the crêpe-de-Chine Princess slip at 29s. 6d. There are hand-made crêpe-de-Chine nighties available for 29s. 6d., and camiknickers of the same material for 25s. 6d. In other departments may be seen fancy crêpe-de-Chine jumpers, usually 39s. 6d., reduced to 18s. 9d.,

and blouses of the same genre are 14s. 9d. Well-cut coats and skirts of men's suiting in black with a white pin stripe are marked at 98s. 6d.; and beautiful models, originally 45 guineas, are offered at 18½ guineas. Suitable for town and country wear are gabardine repp suits costing £5 18s. 6d., and others of Harris tweed at 6½ guineas. On the second floor is a section devoted to knitted frocks, suits, and jumpers, none costing over 2 guineas. There are polo sweaters at 21s., bouclette cardigan coats at 29s. 6d., and useful merino wool jumpers and coats at 10s. 6d. each.

Bargains in Kiddies' Outfits. Splendid offers of inexpensive seaside outfits for small boys are to be found at Gorrings', Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., during their present sale. Three typical bargains are sketched on page 34. On the left is a useful romper suit of casement cloth gaily decorated with Dean's famous rag pictures, and in the centre a smock and knickers of white haircord. The romper suit is available for 3s. 11d. in sizes to fit boys between 2½ and 5 years, while the smock suit ranges from 15s. 6d. On the right is a tub suit of striped cotton designed expressly for beach wear. It is guaranteed to stand the hardest laundering, and can be secured for 5s. 3d., fitting boys between 3 and 7 years old. In other departments there are model gowns being sold at half cost price, two-piece suits of fine repp ranging from 6 guineas, and a large stock of fancy Viennese knitted silk and wool suits to be cleared at very much reduced prices.

Golden Opportunities. At the great clearance sale now in progress at Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W., are many tempting offers, including the graceful coat-frock pictured on page 34, which is available for 7½ guineas. Another pretty afternoon frock of georgette, finely pleated, is obtainable for 6½ guineas, and a two-piece suit of repp and crêpe-de-Chine, originally 14½ guineas, is now 10½ guineas. Princess petticoats, which are indispensable under the straight frocks of to-day, can be secured for 29s. 6d. in crêpe-de-Chine, and for 16s. 6d. in Celanese, the skirt pleated from the waist. Washable suede gauntlet gloves can be secured for 4s. 11d. a pair, and a number of fancy kid and suede gauntlets, originally costing from 8s. 11d. to 12s. 6d., are reduced to 6s. 11d. a pair. A catalogue will be sent gratis and post free on request.

The Art of Permanent Waving.

Sea bathing, yachting, and sports in the strong sun are delights which are only enjoyed to the full by those who have no need to worry about their hair. For, alas! the most constant visits to the hairdresser cannot prevent the waves vanishing under these conditions. The solution lies in permanent waving, which triumphs over all difficulties. Naturally, it should be carried out by an expert, and M. Emile, the celebrated coiffeur of 24, Conduit Street, W., who achieves such happy results with his special process, will give his advice free. He attains soft natural waves, cleverly varied to suit individual styles. This expert in hair-dressing is responsible for the attractive coiffures pictured here, which can also be carried out in transformations.



This becoming coiffure must be placed to the credit of Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W., by whom the tresses have been permanently waved.



The approval of the highest independent authorities substantiates the claim that Cerebos Salt is absolutely pure.

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EVERY MOTORIST'S AIM

The Shell globe and the Shell certificate are your guarantees, when buying from pumps, that you are getting Shell, exactly as sold in the familiar red cans—the spirit which discriminating motorists have always insisted upon.

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ESTABLISHED 1744.

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Forthcoming Sales by Auction, each Sale commencing at One o'clock precisely.

July 6th-7th.—PRINTED BOOKS, comprising a selection from the Library of the late JOHN LANE, Esq., of the Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W.1. (Sold by Order of the Executors.)

July 7th.—Fine ENGRAVINGS of the XVIII. century English School, many printed in colours, the property of the late Major Sir EDWARD COATES, Bt., M.P.

July 8th-9th.—COINS and MEDALS, comprising the property of the late R. A. McANDREW, Esq.

July 8th.—Valuable PICTURES by Old Masters, comprising the property of Sir CHARLES STEWART FORBES, Bt., and of Lt.-Col. G. M. C. SMITH.

July 9th.—OLD ENGLISH SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE.

July 10th.—Valuable Sèvres and Dresden CHINA, Heirlooms under the Will of the late Sir EDWARD SCOTT, Bt. Also French, English and Chinese PORCELAIN;

Fine MINIATURES; Old English FURNITURE; Important TAPES-TRIES, Etc.

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July 15th-16th.—The important collection of EARLY CHINESE ART, the property of the late Dr. G. P. CROFTS, of Tientsin.

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July 27th.—Highly Important ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS, FINE BINDINGS, Valuable PRINTED BOOKS, and AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.

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Sales on view at least two days prior.
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Sale July 10.—One of a pair of Sèvres Vases painted by Veillard, 1754.



Sale July 10.—One of a pair of Sèvres Vases painted by Morin, 1763.

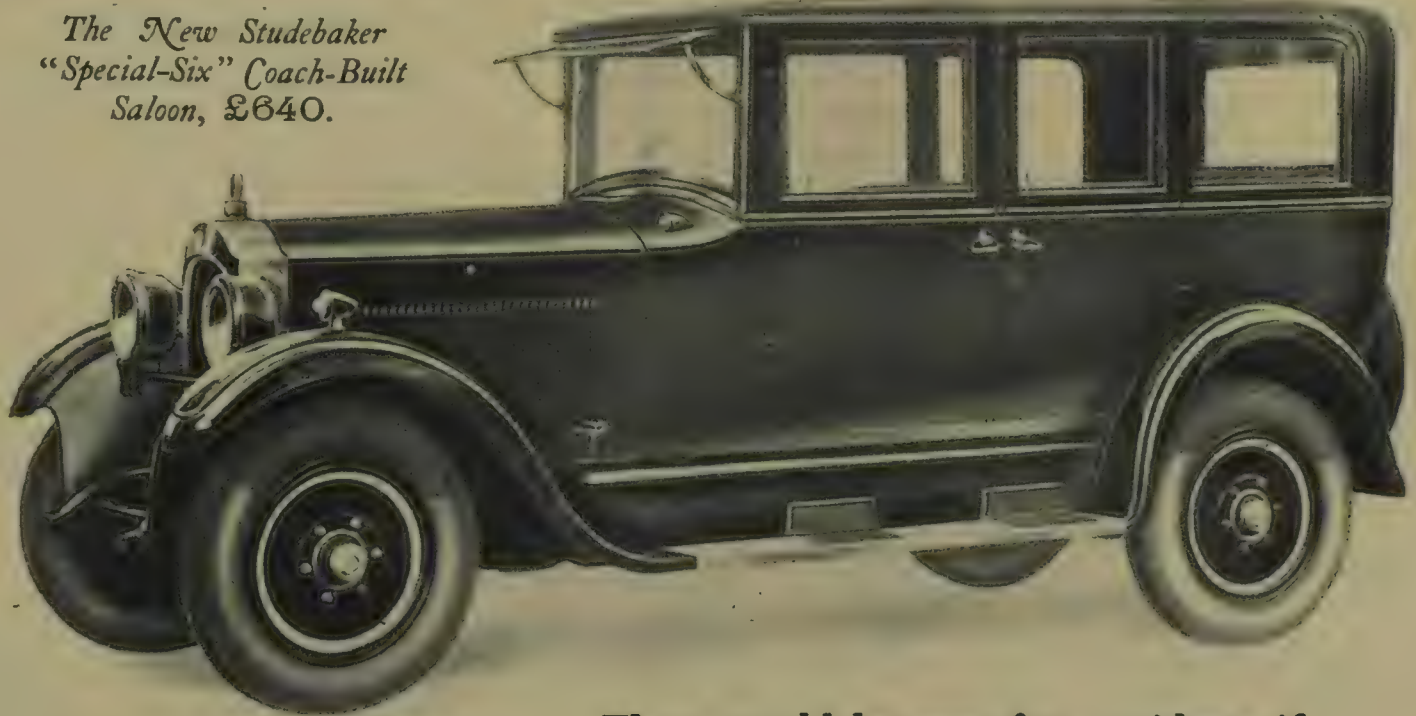


Sale July 9.—A Charles II. Platter, London, 1673.



Sale July 15.—A T'ang Dynasty Figure of a Horse and Attendant.

The New Studebaker
"Special-Six" Coach-Built
Saloon, £640.



**There would be very few accidents if
all motorists drove the Studebaker**

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Managing Director: EUSTACE H. WATSON.

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"Standard-Six" Touring Saloon £395

4-door Coach-built Saloon - £520

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4-door Coach-built Saloon - £640

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Prices are subject to increase without notice.

We have a few brand new and fully guaranteed Studebaker "Light-Six" cars with both open and closed bodies for disposal at very attractive prices.

WHATEVER the state of the roads may be, or however suddenly you apply the wonderful Studebaker Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes, you cannot skid, yet you can bring the car to a standstill from maximum speed in an incredibly short distance, or slow down as gradually as you wish.

Maximum retarding effect comes into operation without effort, only a slight pressure of the foot being necessary. You cannot lock the front wheels of a Studebaker, and the front-wheel brakes never require adjustment. This is not the only

unique feature of the Studebaker. The wonderful flexibility of the vibrationless six-cylinder engine, the easy gear change and silky clutch action must be experienced to be believed.

Before buying a new car see what Studebaker have to offer — investigation may save you hundreds of pounds. Let us give you proof of performance on the road. We will gladly arrange a trial run at your convenience.

See the Studebaker first. It is the most talked-of car to-day.

The New

STUDEBAKER

WITH HYDRAULIC FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Exploration
of Africa
by Car.

The Citroën Central African Expedition, using eight caterpillar cars, and commanded by Messrs. G. M. Haardt and L. Audouin Dubreuil, left railhead at Colomb-Bechar in Algeria on Oct. 28 last. Its object was to study as

mechanically driven vehicles. Setting out from Stanleyville, however, Messrs. Haardt and Audouin Dubreuil and their companions determined to reach British East Africa. They arrived there after crossing Lake Albert, disembarking at Butiabwa, where they had a cordial reception from the authorities of the Uganda Protectorate. The mission then moved towards Victoria Nyanza, reaching this beautiful lake district on April 19.

It was on April 9, 1858, that Lake Victoria Nyanza was discovered by Speke, who also, two years earlier, accompanied by Burton, had the honour of discovering and crossing for the first time Lake Tanganyika. Taking advantage of the free hand allowed them by Mr. André Citroën, Messrs. Haardt and Audouin Dubreuil decided to split the expedition into four groups, each with two "caterpillars." They considered that by doing so they would be able to make a more comprehensive survey of the best routes from Central Africa towards the sea.

The first group, in charge of Louis Audouin Dubreuil, crossed the colony of Kenya, visited the Ripon Falls—which are the source of the White Nile, and were thus named by Speke in 1858 in honour of Lord Ripon, who was then the Presi-

dent of the Royal Geographical Society—explored the buttresses of Mount Meru, skirted Kilimanjaro, and reached the coast at Mombasa. This section left the main expedition at Kampala, north of Lake Victoria Nyanza, just as the rest of the convoy were making for Entebbe, with a view to crossing Lake Nyanza, and, having disembarked at Mwanza, were carrying on towards Tabora.

At Tabora, the second group, in charge of Commander Bettembourg, broke away and commenced their trek towards the Indian Ocean. This section crossed the most interesting parts of the Tanganyika territory from west to east, not by following the railway line, but by keeping considerably to the south during the first part of the journey, and to the north during the second part. Having followed in the opposite direction the road taken by Stanley when the great explorer went to seek Livingstone, Commander Bettembourg arrived at Dar-es-Salaam on May 14.

The third group, in charge of G. M. Haardt, came down by the west coast of Lake Nyasa into the Portuguese territory to the south of this lake, reaching the sea at Mozambique. The route taken by this group is almost impassable in the wet season, and this year's rainfall has been more than normal. Despite the deluged forest, despite the size of the rivers which it was necessary for him to cross—sometimes by rafts, sometimes by rough bridges built on the spot—Mr. Georges Marie Haardt pursued his route and achieved his object. He arrived at

[Continued overleaf.]



PRICED AT £185: ONE OF THE POPULAR 9/20-H.P. ROVER CARS ON THE ROAD.

These cars, which have a four-cylinder overhead valve engine, have been considerably improved as regards coachwork recently, and sell for £185, two or four seater.

completely as possible the important question of inter-colonial relations in Africa—not only the internal problems of the different sections of the French Colonial Empire—but also the relations between the latter and the colonies of the Allies. The mission first crossed the Sahara, arriving on the Niger on Nov. 18, and at Lake Tchad twenty-five days later.

Following the line of the Chari and the Oubanghi, it then reached the Belgian Congo, and ventured as far as Stanleyville into the very heart of the immense regions of Central Africa, where the equatorial forest seemed to provide an insuperable obstacle for



FITTED WITH FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES: A 14-40-H.P. VAUXHALL "MELTON" TWO-SEATER.

This is the latest "Melton" body on the 14-40-h.p. Vauxhall chassis, with four-wheel brakes. Although it is conventionally called a "two-seater," the front seat will take three, and there is room for two in the luxuriously upholstered dickey seat.

The 9/20 h.p.
Rover Car.



For pleasurable motoring

A REASON FOR ROVER
SUPERIORITY.

The overhead-valve engine with which the 9/20 h.p. Rover is fitted develops more power for a given size than does the ordinary side-valve type. It is a more modern design of engine, and equally as reliable as the old type in the case of the Rover because the valve gear is entirely enclosed and continuously lubricated under pressure.

2 or 4 seater

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ROVER

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ROVER IS BRITISH ALL THROUGH

there's nothing to touch the 9/20 h.p. Rover at anything like the price. Its four-cylinder, overhead-valve engine is responsive and powerful, and the car is most comfortable because of its good springing and Dunlop balloon tyres. Two hundred miles is an easy day's journey, and petrol and oil cost no more than $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a mile. Write for full particulars or the 9/20 h.p. Rover to-day.

Lanchester Cars

SIMPLICITY of design and Accessibility are conspicuous features of this outstanding example of British Automobile Engineering. It is the latest in the long line of Lanchester productions; well worthy of the name it carries and acknowledged as being one of the World's Super-Cars. A demonstration is the only way of completely realising its superiority. One run will convince you that there is nothing quite like it. Will you make an appointment at your convenience?

THE
21 H.P. 6-CYL. MODEL

fitted with
LANCHESTER PATENT
FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

The LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD.,
Armourer Mills, 88, Deansgate, 95, New Bond St.,
Birmingham. Manchester. London, W.



21 H.P. 6-cylinder Fixed Head Coupé.

Let a British Car reflect your Pride of Ownership.



(From an original drawing by CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.L.)

A Land of Leisurely Travel

Travel was leisurely in ancient Persia, and camel transport has survived through the centuries to the present day.

Custom dies hard in the East. The method of treating the sores on camels' backs which was in vogue 2000 years ago is still employed to-day. It was early discovered that pitch extracted from the ground had certain curative properties, but little did the camel-drivers think that the seepages from which their pitch was obtained indicated the presence of abundant oil.

It was left to British foresight and enterprise to develop the mineral wealth of Persia. This began some twenty-four years ago when William Knox D'Arcy obtained from the Shah a concession to

search for oil in territory covering Southern Persia. The outcome of these pioneer efforts was the founding of that great enterprise, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company—a national enterprise in the fullest sense. So has there been secured for Britain large and ever-growing supplies of oil, and for the British motorist "BP," the British Petrol.

"BP" is refined from Persian Crude Oil at Llandarcy, in South Wales, and its production and distribution give employment to 20,000 British workers. Specify "BP" when you order petrol and you not only support an enterprise which is British, but get the best motor spirit it is possible to produce.

"BP"

The British Petrol

(Continued.)

Blantyre on June 2, then retraced his steps to Zamba where he was received by Sir Charles Bowring, the High Commissioner for the Protectorate. This reception was all the more welcome after the fatigues and dangers of his journey. He afterwards re-entered Portuguese territory and expected to reach the coast a week or two later.

The fourth group, entrusted to Engineer Charles Brull, made towards Lake Tanganyika and crossed the great lake. Passing through the south of the Belgian Congo by way of Kabalo, Bukama, Elisabethville, and Sakania, Mr. Brull came, further on into British territory, and he will cross the whole of Rhodesia from the north, skirt Bechuanaland, and, going into Cape Colony, will make for Cape Town, where he hopes to reach the sea.

What a wonderful testimony is this great journey to the reliability of the motor-car!

Lea-Francis Few light cars have scored the consistent run of ten successes in classic competitions now standing to the credit of the Lea-Francis. This notable record was conspicuously added to in the M.C.C. London-Edinburgh Trial, in which twelve Lea-Francis cars started and all gained the premier award of a gold medal. Lea-Francis had the only team of eight or more cars

to score 100 per cent. success. The Lea-Francis entry comprised four 10-h.p. touring cars, three 12-22-h.p. touring cars, four 12-40-h.p. sports cars, and one 12-22-h.p. saloon.

Adelaide-Melbourne Record Broken. Mr. A. H. Barnes, driving a 25.8-h.p. Th. Schneider stock chassis, recently broke the Adelaide to Melbourne speed record by 1 hour

11 min., the previous best time being 3 hours 21 min. The average speed for the whole journey worked out at fifty miles an hour, and the driver did not experience a single mishap. Mr. Barnes used Mobiloil on his record-breaking run. It is interesting to note that this well-known Australian driver drove a Baby Peugeot in the Melbourne to Sydney petrol-consumption run, when he obtained 73½ miles to the gallon of fuel. Mobiloil, it should be mentioned, was used on this occasion also—a fact that speaks for itself

public all the help, assistance, and advice that are necessary to enable the battery user, whether on car or wireless, to get the utmost possible value from his battery. It is this "after-sale" service, compelling the purchaser to realise that the manufacturer has a real interest in every one of his productions during the whole period of their life, that has contributed greatly to Exide success. The Exide organisation is not one which merely makes and sells batteries, but one which makes, sells, and assists the purchaser to use batteries.

Armstrong Siddeleys in the Air. Four Armstrong-Whitworth

worth machines, fitted with fourteen-cylinder air-cooled Armstrong-Siddeley Jaguar engines of 385-h.p. were put in for the King's Cup race round England on July 2 and 3. The quartette was privately entered by the Right Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, G.C.B., G.B.E., Sir Glynn West, the chairman of the great Armstrong-Whitworth organisation; Mr. J. D. Siddeley, C.B.E., F.R.Ae.S.; and Major F. M. Green, O.B.E. Three of the pilots—Captain Barnard, who won the first race of the series in 1922; Flight-Lieutenant Jones; and Captain Bennet Baggs—arranged to fly single-seater Siskins. Captain Frank Courtney, Mr. Siddeley's pilot, who won the race in 1923, was provided with a new two-seater called the Ajax.—W. W.



IN FULL WAR PAINT IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES: A ZULU IMPI MARCHING TO THE INDABA AT ESHOWE ON THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT.

Official Photograph supplied by C.N.

Exide Service Agents in Conference.

Thoroughness is the keynote of every effort put forth by the manufacturers of Exide batteries, as anyone permitted a glance at the proceedings of the annual convention of Service Agents, which was held at Hendon on June 23 and 24, will readily appreciate. The whole aim and object of this extensive organisation is to give to the

provided with a new two-seater called the Ajax.—W. W.

The Big Six—namely, *The Illustrated London News*, *The Sphere*, *The Sketch*, *The Tatler*, *Eve*, and *The Sporting and Dramatic News*—will give a ball on Dec. 31, 1925, at the Albert Hall, in aid of the Middlesex Hospital and Earl Haig's Fund. Full particulars will be announced shortly.



The Hampden Pattern

REG NO 671129



An Oak Canteen, lined Blue Cloth and fitted with "Hampden" Pattern Spoons and Forks in Regent Plate, and Cutlery with Xylonite Handles. Complete with 55 pieces

£12:17:6

Illustrated Catalogues of Spoons, Forks and Cutlery sent free.

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Chiswick Animal Series No. 5.

"Come along, Granny. All my work is done—thanks to Mansion Polish—and we can now go for a nice long day in the country."

For Dark Oak Furniture—to bring out the colour and grain of the wood—use

DARK MANSION POLISH

Sold Everywhere. In Tins.

THE CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, W.4

Makers of the Celebrated Cherry Blossom Boot Polish and "Snowene," the White Cleaner for Tennis and Sports Shoes.

Selected again for sale at WEMBLEY.



A Parallelogram.

There can be only four sides to a parallelogram. There can be only one side to the question:—"What is the most mellow, mature,—in fact, THE BEST Whisky?" It is



HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY

Queen of Scots?

Twelve
and
Six
(Home Market)

MACDONALD & MUIR, Distillers,
LEITH & LONDON.

Glen Moray—Glenlivet and Glenmorangie.



Glen Moray
'93

A very fine
LIQUEUR WHISKY,
15/- per bottle.

Carters

INVALID FURNITURE

ANY Invalid Chair by Carters ensures that essential comfort and ease of movement that make possible indulgence in the ordinary pleasures of life. Invalids of every age and condition all over the world have proved during Eighty years that "Carters" is synonymous with "Comfort."

The luxurious electrically propelled Bath-Chair illustrated is described in Sectional Catalogue No. 11N. Catalogue No. 3N. treats of other Bath-Chairs; and No. 4N. of Self-propelling, Wheel, Stair and Carrying Chairs.

Every kind of Invalid Furniture in Stock. Write for Catalogue, stating requirements.

125, 127, 129, GT. PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1.

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Telegrams: Bathchair, Wesdo, London.



Greyness Gone!

Charm and Youth
Prolonged

THE young in years possess no monopoly of youthfulness, nor is charm their prerogative. Youthfulness is a thing of the heart—and of the appearance. Charm is the visible expression of inward satisfaction and contentment. Was ever woman contented with grey hair?

Tell greyness to begone, and youthfulness and charm return, the more attractive for their temporary absence. To banish greyness there is the new Inecto, nothing else.

The colour restored, a true

hair tint, permanent in perpetuity; the sheen, elasticity and health of the hair so wonderfully improved; and but twenty to thirty minutes of your time absorbed—what more could you demand?

Your Hairdresser can tell you more about Inecto. He has our dainty beauty brochures or you may have them on request from our salons. "Hair Recoloration" is a booklet which tells how Inecto may be used in the privacy of your home in one application only.



INECTO

SALONS

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SALOMY JANE" AT THE QUEEN'S.

THE story of "Salomy Jane" is written round a Bret Harte heroine, but Bret Harte must not be held accountable for the play in which Mr. Paul Armstrong has placed that heroine, any more than for the real leaves in its woodland scene or the real water that trickles from its water-butt outside its log cabin. Let us dismiss him from our thoughts, and take the piece as we find it—a melodrama wildly Wild-West such as even cinema-audiences would vote rather old-fashioned. Mr. Armstrong takes a long time before coming to business, the business being Salomy Jane and her kiss. This was a compassionate heroine. An unknown man is going to be hanged as a horse thief. Other men in such condition have wives or sweethearts to bid them good-bye. There

kiss inspires him to escape from the posse of Vigilantes around him, inspires him to come back to take more risks and get more kisses, and there is no need to add that they are to wed and be happy ever after. Miss Dorothy Seacombe looks as pretty as a film star; Mr. Godfrey Tearle has little to do save to appear handsome and desperate; Miss Miriam Lewes, making one of her rare appearances, scores as an outlaw's wife talking bitterly over her wash-tub; Mr. Allan Jeayes figures as Colonel Starbottle in rather strange surroundings; and some little pupils of Miss Italia Conti play a delightful game of hide-and-seek.

NEW REVIVAL OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

"The Beggar's Opera" has been revived again at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and goes as well as ever it did throughout its long run. Lovat Fraser's scenery and costumes remain as before, and there are still the haunting old tunes and the old-style orchestra. But there are newcomers in the cast—Mr. Miles Malleson as Filch, Miss Sara Allgood as Mrs. Peachum, and Miss Fedora Bernard as Lucy Lockit. Old and new members of the company are alike good; there is as delicious a Polly as could be wished for in Miss Hilliard; and, if first-night enthusiasm is to be relied upon for augury, we are very far from having seen the last of "Mr." Gay in London.

decorated in Oriental style. It seems to have originated in Asia Minor, whence we have early specimens in clay, and the British Museum



WEARING A FLORAL GARLAND WITH WHICH HE WAS "DECORATED" BY THE INDIAN COMMUNITY: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT DURBAN.
Official Photograph supplied by C.N.

A HITTITE DRINKING-HORN.

(See Colour Illustration.)

DESCRIBING the subject of our colour illustration on page 19 of this number, Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, the well-known archaeologist in charge of the excavations at Ur, says: "This magnificent rhyton, or drinking-horn, was found at Marash in Anatolia, the site of an ancient Hittite city. The horn itself is of silver; the bull which supports it is of beaten gold. It stands 8½ inches high. The rhyton is a form not known in Mesopotamia; in Greece it is common, but only at a later date; South-east Russia has produced numerous examples, always

possesses a fine (Persian period) silver rhyton from Erzingan, in Armenia. The kneeling-bull motive recalls the capitals of the great temple of Darius at Persepolis, but can be traced far earlier in Mesopotamian art. The treatment of the animal form shows a familiarity with Assyrian work, but the style is no more purely Assyrian than it is purely Hittite. Our ignorance of Anatolian art makes any verdict dangerous, but probably the cup is the work of a local goldsmith living in the seventh or sixth century B.C., when Assyrian influence predominated." It has also been suggested that the rhyton (now in the British Museum) may have been made for one of the kings of Van, who flourished in the time of Ashurbanipal (668-625 B.C.).

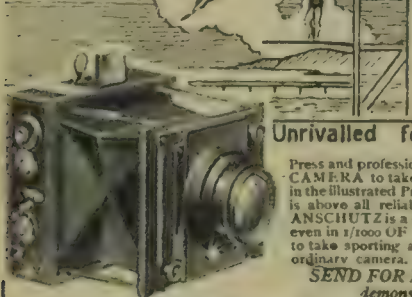


INTERESTED IN THE "WAR PAINT" OF THE USUTU NATIVE DANCERS AT ESHOWE: THE PRINCE OF WALES IN ZULULAND.
Official Photograph supplied by C.N.

are no women folk to give him a tender farewell. Salomy Jane therefore comes to the rescue, kisses him warmly, and straightway they fall in love. Her

not known in Mesopotamia; in Greece it is common, but only at a later date; South-east Russia has produced numerous examples, always

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

J WOTHERSPOON (Kircaldy).—We are always pleased to help a beginner. The condition of Problem No. 3958 is that, against any possible defence of Black, mate is to be given in three moves. You propose as a solution a move about which you say: "Of course, R could take Kt first, then it could not be solved in three moves." Do you not see that in saying this you are condemning your own answer? Try again, and take as a hint, always suspect a solution that begins with a check.

HENRY A SELLER (Denver, U.S.A.).—After being successful with No. 3955, it is a little surprising to see you fail with No. 3956. The defence is: 1. — Kt to K 6th (ch).

D H BLACK (San Antonio, Texas).—You are quite correct with No. 3953, and the solution is duly acknowledged in the proper place. As regards No. 3954, you have followed numerous others into the composer's trap. If you will look again, you will see that 1. P to B 7th (ch) is an impossible move.

DENSHAW N DESAI (Navsari, Bombay).—As an answer to your proposed solution of No. 3953, will you please consider the effect of Black's reply, 1. — B to K Kt 8th, and to that of No. 3954, 1. — P takes Kt.

JOHN HANNAN (Newburgh, N.Y.).—The mistake was so obvious that we should have thought a very little common-sense was needed to put it right. We regret this appears to be a delusion on our part; but why should you think P to Q B 3rd was an error for R to Q B 6th, when you had P to Q Kt 3rd next door to it? It is wonderful how things under one's nose can escape notice sometimes.

J W SMEDLEY (Brooklyn, N.Y.).—The purpose of the Black Kt at K R 8th in Problem No. 3955 was to stop a dual in one particular variation. Owing to Black's defence of 1. — P to Q Kt 3rd (kindly note the correction from P to Q B 3rd), the suppressed mate becomes necessary for the solution of the problem, and therefore the Kt must come out. We trust this will clear up your difficulties. As regards No. 3951, we did not see your letter.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3953 received from D H Black (San Antonio, Texas); of No. 3955 from Henry A Seller (Denver, U.S.A.), and J M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 3956 from John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), J M K Lupton (Richmond), and J W Smedley (Brooklyn, U.S.A.); of No. 3957 from A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), R P Nicholson (Crayke), R B N (Tewkesbury), W C D Smith (Northampton), E J Gibbs (East Ham), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), W Oxley (Hartfield, Sussex), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), G W Lord (Hampstead), S J C H (Glossop), H T Asche (Sydenham), E J Falwell (Caterham), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), and J M K Lupton (Richmond); and of No. 3958 from H W Satow (Bangor), J M K Lupton (Richmond), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), C B S (Canterbury), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and J Hunter (Leicester).

The annual meeting of the British Chess Federation will be held at Stratford-on-Avon from Aug. 17 to Aug. 29, when a large gathering of players is expected. The tournaments are to be the same as last year, and rank as follows: No. 1 Competition for the British Amateur Championship; No. 2 Competition for the British Ladies' Championship; No. 3 Major Open Tourney; No. 4 First-Class Open Tourney; No. 5 Second-Class Open Tourney; No. 6 Third-Class Open Tourney. All entries must be sent to the Secretary of the Federation, Mr. L. P. Rees, St. Aubyns, Redhill, on or before July 17 next.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3957.—By E. G. B. BARLOW.

WHITE

1. Kt to K 6th
2. Mates accordingly.

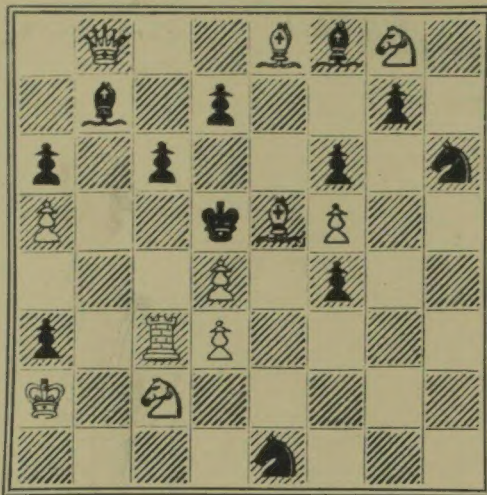
BLACK

Anything

The solution of this problem does not call for much profound search, but the open position is an attractive feature, while the mates lack little in charm and polish. The pin that follows 1. — K takes R should satisfy the most exacting of critics, if we may judge from the comments of our solvers.

PROBLEM No. 3959.—By J. M. K. LUPTON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The death is announced of R. Teichmann, who, although a native of Germany, so identified himself at the outset of his career with British chess that in the early years of the century he was regarded as one of our representative masters. He was a great player, and from the opening to the end of the game was in possession of every weapon that skill or knowledge could command for the purposes of victory. Unfortunately, continuous ill-health seriously interfered with his practice, and robbed him of many successes he might have otherwise secured, for, although he was generally fairly well placed in the various competitions for which he entered, on only two occasions did he head the list. A handsome presence and a pleasing manner made him a general favourite, and his linguistic powers were such that it was said he could speak fluently nearly every European language. He died at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played at Baden-Baden in the International Chess Masters' Tournament between Messrs. E. D. BOGOLJUBOFF and J. MEISES.

(Hollandish Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th	19. Q to R 3rd	K R to Q sq
2. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. P takes Kt P	P takes P
3. B to Kt 2nd	P to K 3rd	21. Q to R 6th	Q to R 4th
4. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	22. B takes P	P takes B
5. Castles	B to Q 3rd	23. R takes P (ch)	
6. P to B 4th			

There is a considerable variation in the treatment of this opening amongst experts, but so far White has followed the moves of a game played by Lasker nearly forty years ago. Black, on the other hand, has adopted a modern line of defence.

6. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
8. Q to B 2nd	Q Kt to Q 2nd
9. K to R sq	Kt to K 5th
10. B to B 4th	Q to B 3rd
11. P takes B	B takes B

However venturesome White's strategy may seem, it effectually arrests the attack Black has entered upon.

11. Q to R 3rd
12. P to K 3rd
13. Kt to K 5th

This shows his previous move was nothing but a loss of time, which probably becomes a deciding factor later on.

14. R to K Kt sq	Q Kt takes Kt
15. Q P takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
16. P takes Kt	B to Q 2nd
17. Q R to Q sq	P to Q Kt 4th
18. Q to Kt 2nd	Castles K R

Black bargained to escape the threatened consequences of White's 1st move, but this double sacrifice completely destroys his expectations. The combination is a magnificent one, for it risks a very high price in material to secure victory through a rather critical situation in the ending.

Get to a game like this out of a tourney makes the holding of it worth while.

Those who have not yet decided where to spend their summer holidays should not forget the claims of Denmark. Particularly interesting are the fourteen days' conducted tours, including a day or more at all the principal beauty spots and places of interest, suggested in the new booklet issued by the Danish Tourist Bureau, of 33, Haymarket. For those who wish to combine a visit to Copenhagen with a prolonged stay at one of the noted Danish summer resorts, special arrangements are made. Anglers can enjoy an ideal holiday in Denmark, as permission to fish in the beautiful lakes and channels round Silkeborg and Skanderborg is easily obtained through the Bureau.

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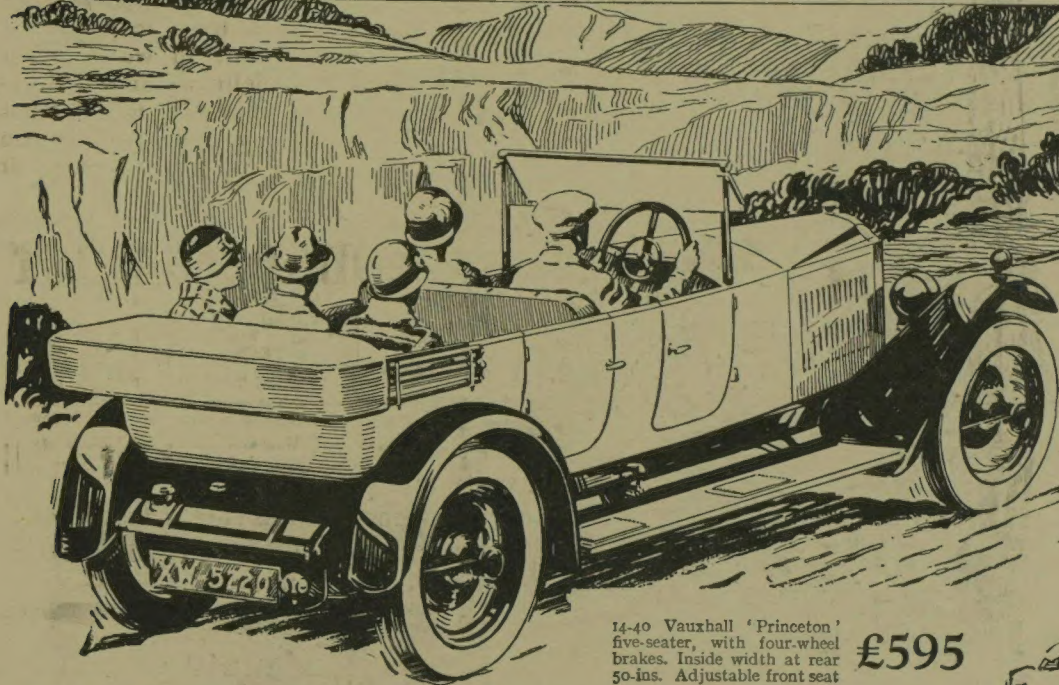
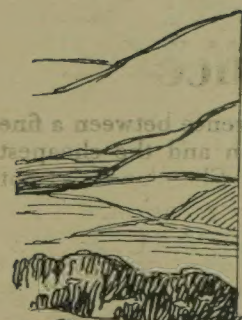
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